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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE German-Bulgarian campaign against Serbia develops slowly, but the main lines of the plan are already clear. The German centre is advancing down the Morava Valley from Semendria. This is the one good avenue through a hilly country, poorly provided with roads. The Bulgarians have, meanwhile, from the flank already got across this avenue to the south. They claim to command the Belgrade-Nish-Salonika railway at a vital point near Vrania, and to have already severed connection by rail and wire between Nish and Salonika. The point is well chosen, for the Morava Valley above Vrania is a narrow defile which can be easily sealed. It is immaterial whether the Bulgars have, as they claim, occupied Vrania itself, if they have cut the main line of supply. They probably aim at more than this. The object of the enemy will doubtless be to surround the main Serbian army in Serbia, to catch it between the German and Bulgarian armies, and, above all, to prevent it from retiring intact into Macedonia, where it could be more easily supplied from the sea, whether by way of Durazzo or of Salonika.

WITH this object of encirclement, the invading forces are advancing on many lines other than the Morava. The Germans have three other masses engaged, one in the far north-west, in the salient of Shabatz, one at Belgrade, and one which has not yet succeeded in crossing the River Danube about Orsova. The Bulgars are moving on three points near the eastern frontier, Zaitchar, Nish,

and Pirot, and are already in the outskirts of this last-named town and fortress. What seems to be, however, their main effort is an advance into north-east Macedonia. They claim to have occupied Egri-Palanka and Kotchana, with the famous Ovtche-Polie plateau, and are said to be already in Veles, on the Vardar. If this be true, the result is the occupation of the Vardar valley and railway, and a severing of the connection with Salonika. The Serbians are delaying the German advance with great gallantry and some success.

CONTINGENTS of Anglo-French troops continue meanwhile to land at Salonika, and General Sarraill is in command. Some portion of them has already been engaged with Bulgarians near Strumitza, has defeated them, and occupied the town. This extreme and isolated point of Bulgarian territory is unluckily of little importance. What has happened here is merely that an effort to cut the Vardar railway has been defeated. An advance up the isolated Struma valley would be materially difficult, and would not seriously incommode the main operations of the Bulgarians. The most useful function of the Allied reinforcements will be to keep the Vardar line open as high up as possible—say, to Uskub, and to support a rally of the Serbian armies in Macedonia. This would not prevent the main purpose of German strategy, a junction by way of Nish and Sofia with the Turks. But it will maintain the resistance of the Serbs, and keep their State and its armies in being. Italy, meanwhile, has formally declared war on Bulgaria. She will in some unexplained way take part in the Allied operations, but she will not share in the Salonika expedition. The Tsar, in a solemn manifesto, has excommunicated the Bulgarians for their treason to Slavdom, throwing the onus significantly on King Ferdinand.

ON the Eastern front everything points to a determined effort by von Hindenburg's armies to take Riga. It is well prepared for defence, and the country round it, a desert of forests and marshes, is excessively difficult. For many weeks the Germans have tried to reach it by forcing a crossing of the Dvina at, or above, Dvinsk. It seems as though they no longer hoped for success by this flanking move. They are now attacking directly; they have crossed the Aa, and are moving very rapidly from the south-west through Mitau. They are already half-way between Mitau and Riga, and about twelve miles from their goal. A second line of advance from the south-east, by way of Borkowitz on the Dvina, commands the railway and river communications, and has reached a point ten miles from Riga. The Germans are probably prepared in this final effort for heavy sacrifices. What the German news describe as "local fighting" continues on the middle Styr, where General Ivanoff continues to press the enemy along the Kieff road, south of the Pripet Marshes. His cavalry has been enterprising and successful, and has captured fully 3,000 prisoners.

THE whole trend of the news from the Russian front

conveys the impression that, save in the North, the enemy has lost interest in this theatre, and has dangerously depleted his defensive lines. Whether the Russians are yet strong enough to attempt an ambitious offensive seems doubtful, but Friday's news of the capture of 3,500 German prisoners near Baranovitchi, in the centre, is full of encouragement. Meanwhile, the value of any success which von Hindenburg may possibly win at Riga is discounted by the activity of our submarines. Riga is primarily a port, and unless it can be used as a port will hardly be worth the cost of its capture. In the last two weeks we have read of the capture of at least twenty-one German ships in the Baltic, mostly engaged in carrying iron ore from Sweden, while five transports and at least one destroyer have been sunk. The formality of warning, visit, and search, was scrupulously observed before the merchant ships were sunk. These known facts probably represent only a small part of the success of our craft.

THE chief Western news this week is of German attacks. Our advance round Loos at the end of September won us a salient four miles broad and two miles deep, which, if it cannot be used to break the German lines, may be as costly to defend as the Ypres projection. Sir John French reports the arrival since our advance of 48 battalions of German reinforcements. They attacked after a heavy bombardment, but the infantry was completely stopped by our fire. The French had a similar experience near Rheims, where, on a front of about five miles, under cover of heavy gas clouds, three "waves" of infantry advanced to the attack. Only the third is said to have reached the French wire-entanglements, and all were stopped before they got to the first line of trenches. The enemy losses in both these attacks were very heavy. At the far end of the line the French have once more won the commanding summit of the Hartmannsweilerkopf in the Vosges.

THE diplomacy of the Allies has not abandoned the effort to bring Greece and Roumania, but especially the former, into line. The published reports as to an approaching Roumanian intervention on the Allied side are again very sanguine. Not much is to be hoped from notes which inform Greece that we hold her bound by her treaty to go to the succor of Serbia. It is stated authoritatively that the offer of Cyprus for immediate occupation has been made to Greece as a reward to induce her to fulfil her obligation to Serbia. The offer has long been in contemplation. It has not now availed to move Greece from her attitude of neutrality. In a statement to the press, M. Sazonoff hints at other measures, and a section of our press urges coercion to compel Greece to fight for Serbia. That would be a lawless proceeding, and might well have exactly the opposite result to what was intended. Threats in the Allied press are not calculated to assist M. Venezelos in his appeals to the honor of his countrymen.

LORD DERBY has issued a well-conceived scheme of voluntary recruiting, which is to be worked locally through civilian committees, who will act as canvassers on the model of an election. The scheme, which is to be completed by November 30th, provides for the gradual calling up of men as they are wanted, and for the elimination of those engaged in making munitions or other necessary industries. The men, we understand, are to be divided into forty-six grades—twenty-three for married men, according to age, and twenty-three for unmarried

men. The unmarried men will be called up first. Those who are not required for training at once will receive 3s. per day. There is to be a fairly wide margin of exemption for unstarred as well as starred classes. Lord Derby has no business to call his scheme a "last effort" for voluntary service, for that is not a matter for him to determine. But he has spoken with honest cheerfulness of the prospects of his appeal, which, we understand, are extremely good.

SIR EDWARD CARSON, after absenting himself from the Cabinet Councils, has resigned, and explained his reasons to the House of Commons. His statement was dignified in tone, did proper justice to the Prime Minister's patience and courtesy, and admitted no difference of opinion on the general policy of carrying the war to a conclusive issue. But it alleged differences as to methods. The operations in Gallipoli had been entered on before he joined the Cabinet, and it was obvious that he did not approve them, or Sir Edward Grey's statement as to our new commitments in the Balkans. Then came the sting. The situation, he said, required "a clearly defined, well thought out, and decisive policy," and this, he suggested, had not been applied. This is at once damaging and vague. It advertizes a private opinion, but gives no ground of judgment one way or another. It means that Sir Edward differs from his colleagues, and rejects the general Cabinet rule of submitting to the prevailing view. Independent personalities act like that. But they make bad committee men.

THE new Russian Minister of the Interior has found himself obliged to declare martial law at Moscow. The explanation is advanced that this is done to stop pogroms directed against persons with German names. Oddly enough, however, it was M. Khvostoff himself who before his nomination made the most violent speeches against the German element in Russia. M. Miliukoff and other "Cadet" speakers in the last Duma debates went so far as to state that the anti-German riots could not have taken place without the will of the higher police. It is more probably another kind of movement at which martial law is aimed. Meanwhile, the causes of the popular discontent remain. In spite of promises the Duma is not summoned, and the Tsar has not received the deputation which it nominated on the last day of its sitting. The tactics of the bureaucracy are apparently to divert the reform movement into an aimless xenophobia.

A GERMAN Court-martial in Brussels has passed a death sentence on three ladies and two men, who were accused of assisting Belgian or Allied soldiers to escape. One of these ladies, Miss Edith Cavell, a devoted English nurse, has already been executed. Her offence, which she frankly admitted, though it was a splendid act of patriotic devotion, is one which any military court would regard as serious, and the extreme penalty is prescribed for it in the German code. Few armies would actually carry it out, even against a man, and none but the German army would execute a woman in such a case. The intercession of the Pope and the King of Spain has availed to save the lives of the French ladies who were in danger, but the earnest efforts of the American and Spanish Ministers failed to rescue Miss Cavell. The American narrative of these efforts in our official papers is a deeply moving record of a generous and humane intervention. The German authorities refused all appeals, and falsely denied that prompt measures would be taken. Their victim has paid for acts of compassion

which every woman of spirit would have been proud to have to her credit. This brutal severity will remain a lasting stain on German soldiers. Germany is indeed in the grip of a Devil, which will ruin her.

* * *

THE decision to make a change in the Dardanelles command will be generally approved. Sir Ian Hamilton will return "to report." His place will be taken by General Sir C. C. Munro, who after brilliant staff work during the Boer War, has won, since the Battle of the Aisne, perhaps the most enviable military reputation among the younger generals in France. It is now generally known that the magnificent opportunity for a dashing surprise advance in the August landing at Suvla Bay was lost through the incompetence of the commanding officer on the spot. He will no longer exercise any command.

* * *

THE extraordinary estimates which are now being circulated as the necessary recruitment for the British forces require a little examination. The maximum estimate a little time ago was 30,000 per week. It has now risen to 35,000 per week. Mr. Amery's estimates are best ignored as a youthful *jeu d'esprit*. We may take it that when Captain Guest, less than a month ago, put down the necessary force for this country to maintain in the field at 1,400,000 men, he was making an estimate which represented, if not the maximum, at any rate a figure near the maximum conceivable effort required of us. This is the more certain from the fact that the total included from 200,000 to 240,000 troops for the Dardanelles, a number which that position has not yet had the pleasure to see. Admitting this, in view of certain new commitments in the Balkan peninsula, the problem is to find the necessary weekly recruitment to balance the normal wastage.

* * *

TAKE the gross wastage at 10 per cent per month. Each month, on this assumption, will witness the passing from the effectives of 140,000 men. An examination of the casualty lists shows, despite some rather remarkable variations between Prussian and British casualties, a fairly close agreement as to the percentage of casualties which must, for the purposes of the war, be accounted final. Although the early Prussian lists show 7 per cent. more prisoners than the British, as against the British five to six per cent. excess of deaths, the percentage of net casualties in both cases is about sixty. This is working upon the assumption that sixty-five per cent. of the wounded return, an estimate vouched for by the Prime Minister.

* * *

As the only question for the moment is our own wastage, we may take it that 40 per cent. of the gross wastage is recoverable, and this amount must therefore be deducted from any estimate of total wastage. The gross wastage of 1,400,000 men in a year, reckoning 10 per cent. per month, will be 1,680,000, and the net wastage 1,008,000. Somewhere from our vital resources that number must be drawn. Let us say we have the low total of recruited force of 2,600,000. At this moment we must deduct from this a number to represent the net wastage. Taking our gross casualties to be 564,333 to date (381,933 plus twelve times the average for the sixteen weeks preceding August 1st, when that number was announced) the net casualties will be about 338,600. We have, then, at this moment only 2,261,400 troops.

* * *

WE wish to keep 1,400,000 in the field for

twelve months. This means the provision of 1,400,000, and 1,008,000 for net wastage. Besides these numbers we wish to leave, say, 500,000 for home defence. Our total force must therefore be 2,908,000 to provide for a further year's war. But we have at the moment only 2,261,400. Hence we require to recruit during the year an additional 647,000. This total would be made up by a recruitment of 13,000 per week. We have neglected Colonial troops, trained or training. We have deducted the casualties, to an appreciable extent Colonial, from the total British recruited forces. Nor have we taken account of recruits enrolled recently. These give us a fair margin of error upon our credit side. On the debit side we must suggest that the sooner a big proportion of the 647,000 can be recruited the better, since the reserve of trained men in the country is not too large if we are to venture 1,400,000 troops. But it is this spurt in recruiting Lord Derby's scheme promises to give, and it is almost certain that 100,000 men monthly, recruited for the next six months, will meet the case, assuming our liabilities to be as great as an ardent conscriptionist like Captain Guest estimates them.

* * *

MR. TENNANT ought by this time to have taken the measure of his Chiozza Money, who put down a question for the Prime Minister drawing his attention to the fact that in the article "A Minus Army," in our issue of the 9th inst., "the statement of the Labor Recruiting Committee that over 30,000 recruits per week are required is denounced as a figure wildly in excess of the need, and that at most the nation requires only 5,000 to 8,000 recruits per week." Mr. Tennant replied that he had not read the article, but he said that these latter figures did not represent the requirements of the situation.

* * *

WE never said they did. We deduced this 30,000 a week as "wildly in excess" on the basis of Captain Guest's own assumptions! Even he only worked up the weekly recruitment to 20,000. Our point was that Captain Guest's estimates went to pieces as soon as they were examined. If, as he assumes, the *net* wastage is ten per cent. per month, then 1,000,000 is an exorbitant estimate for our contribution to the Western front, when there can only be 3,000,000 Germans on both fronts and to guard communications; and the weekly recruitment falls. Or if it does not fall at once, it will shortly, for in ten months not a single German will be left! If we take the wastage to be *gross*, then again the weekly recruitment falls, since from the 1,700,000 Captain Guest asks to fill up the wastage for a year, there must be taken those who return. We take no responsibility for the figures; but Captain Guest cannot have the argument both ways. The whole point is that those who ask for a weekly recruitment of 30,000 men for a year are doing so on undisclosed assumptions.

* * *

THOUGH the results of the general election in South Africa are as yet known fully only in the towns, it is possible to forecast the general complexion of the new House. The South African Party and the Unionists refrained from opposing each other, save in a few three-cornered contests, and they will constitute an informal block, which will dominate the Chamber. Labor has done very badly, securing only four seats in the towns, with small prospects of winning any in the country. The Nationalists, with only two urban seats, are none the less believed to have swept the Orange Colony, and it is the local strength of Herzogism here which makes the problem for the future.

Politics and Affairs.

"A RICH AND POWERFUL CONSPIRACY."

"The existence of the present Coalition Government is precarious. It is threatened by internal as well as external dangers. There is no doubt about it, at the present moment, a rich and powerful conspiracy is menacing its very existence—made up of men who apparently are ready to sacrifice national unity in the face of the enemy, in order to further their own predilections and theories and conclusions, and any day we may be faced with a new reconstruction or by proposals which would end instantly the political truce and rend the British people into contending factions. It is the common talk of political circles in England to-day that a General Election—not, mark you, on agreed lines, but on lines of the fiercest contention—may possibly arise. Happily, we can boast in Ireland that we are not in any degree whatever responsible for these dangers at a moment of great national crisis."—*Mr. John Redmond.*

"Every one is agreed to regard it [Lord Derby's crusade] as the final test of the voluntary system. Every one desires a plain statement to this effect from the Government, *together with a pledge that they will introduce compulsion if the six weeks' trial fails, and arm themselves meanwhile with the necessary power to do so.* If the Government take this course, there seems no immediate reason why Sir Edward Carson's resignation should be followed by any others."—*The Times.*

It is not a mere coincidence that the two most truly patriotic speeches of the war have been made by an Irishman. The first was Mr. Redmond's summons to Ireland to join this country in a struggle for national existence. The second is his solemn warning to England to beware of a movement to destroy her unity, and thus to bring that conflict to an unsuccessful end. At such a moment as this we wish to say nothing merely disruptive. Lord Derby's campaign for the enrolment of a fresh complement of voluntary soldiers, in addition to the hundreds of thousands who have joined the colors, has begun, and we have every reason to believe that it will succeed. But it is necessary to mark with some attention the efforts which, under a very superficial mask of friendship, are being made to strangle it at birth. These devices are of various characters. One is to set up for Lord Derby an impossible measure of achievement, and then to proclaim its failure as proof of the collapse of voluntaryism, of which his effort is to be regarded as the "final test." This is the method of Mr. Amery, who defines our need to be an additional army of one and a-half to two millions, to be raised at a rate of 35,000 a week for twelve months. We shall be surprised to find that this figure is not far above the utmost limits of available recruits of military age laid down by Lord Lansdowne's committee, after sifting out the necessary industrial exemptions. Lord Derby is therefore invited to discover the undiscoverable, and to write himself down a failure if he misses it. Should this device fail, others are available. The "Times," for example, speaking, it would appear, for the conscriptionist members of the Cabinet, insists that the Government shall pledge itself to introduce conscription if the six weeks' trial fails to answer the tests they choose to append to it, and shall "meanwhile" arm them-

selves with the "power to do so." The "power to do so" means a Bill for conscription. In other words, the Government are to anticipate and advertise the approaching failure of voluntaryism in the act of having recourse to it. It is directly threatened that, by way of further stimulating Lord Derby's success, and maintaining the unity of the nation before the world and "in the face of the enemy," the conscriptionist members of the Cabinet must make this simultaneous prosecution of voluntary and forced service the condition of their remaining in office. We do not know how any member of the Government could reconcile such conduct with his responsibility for the safety of the nation. If it is linked with the idea of forcing a general election on conscription, we can only characterize such thoughts and plans as wicked levity. The preparation for this proceeding is indeed visible in the journals which fasten on every unfavorable incident of the war in order to associate it with the Prime Minister or Sir Edward Grey or some other member of the Cabinet to whom these wreckers have passed "the black spot." The contrast is heightened by artful comparisons with Mr. Lloyd George's unexampled success with the munitions or Sir Edward Carson's massive strength of character. Thus, by one method or another, the country is invited to place itself at the disposal of a Junta whose policy is a military and civil revolution. Let us console ourselves as we survey these meditated treacheries, with the knowledge that our soil and character furnish an ill breeding-ground for them. Of one thing we are certain. The country would never forgive a body of statesmen who went to it with the confession of having resigned their trust in her hour of trial, and torn her mind and heart asunder in her uttermost need of unity.

But we must go a little further in our criticism of conscriptionist tactics outside or inside the Cabinet. We entirely reject the "Times" picture of Lord Derby's appeal as a "final test" of voluntaryism. Lord Derby is acting not as a statesman but as an organizer, and the object of his crusade is to discover the number of men still available for military service, and willing to engage in it *should they be so required.* The numbers Lord Derby may obtain may conceivably be smaller than the numbers we want. They may also be larger. The question of the size of the Army to be used in service in France or Flanders or Gallipoli or Salonika or elsewhere, has yet to be decided by the Government as a whole, and is a not less vital matter than the manner of raising it. Its consideration cannot be divorced from our financial and industrial position. An army of two millions, for example, costs about six hundred millions sterling in a single year—six times the amount raised by the Budget in the way of new taxation. What addition to such a levy can we afford? Or rather—to relate the point more closely to the situation—how many men and what store of munitions can we subtract from the French and Russian and Italian and Serbian armies, which we are helping to finance, in order to add them to our own? Have we asked the Allies how they regard such a proposition, or whether they realize that the logical consequence of enlisting a larger army than we can afford must be an

embarrassed England, full of untrained soldiers, but empty of the credits that have sustained their part in the war.

Now, Lord Derby especially provides for such an examination of policy. He does not propose to call for a *levée en masse*, for which, indeed, there is not a shadow of need. He admits that our training resources could not assimilate such a force, even if he formally enlisted it. He knows that there must be a sifting and re-sifting of the material he collects, and a return of part of it to industry. But the industrial position is the critical point. What are the essential industries? Is not any industry essential which enables us to pay our way? Must we not closely consider the industrial loss we sustain with the withdrawal of each soldier from civil labor, as well as the cost of his maintenance as a soldier? Of course we must, and the statesmanship which ignores this factor can never have realized either the historic policy of England in a Continental war or the part we play in the arrangements of the Entente. The conscriptionist cannot escape it for ever any more than the voluntarist. If he gets his way, he will have to exempt and excuse and return as well as his rival, only to find in the end, and too late, that a few dregs remain in the cup which he pretends to think is overflowing, and that he has divided the nation on the war, exasperated the workmen, scandalized our Allies, and rejoiced the enemy, for no very great material result. What, therefore, is he struggling for? It was his grand argument against voluntarism that the existing system of recruiting enlisted too many married men. Through Lord Derby's scheme he has secured a first draft on the young and the unmarried, who have been heavily called on already. He will soon discover whether his notion of a great untapped reservoir of soldiers has any substantial existence. Cannot he wait six weeks—six days—for the disclosure? Or is he so fixed to his fad that he must threaten and harass the Prime Minister, drive Sir Edward Grey from office, destroy the Government, and convulse the country with resignations and agitations, and threats of a General Election, in order to prove it?

WHAT WE HAVE ACHIEVED.

BEFORE we can grow accustomed to the daily "crises" which a section of the press manufactures with unwearied assiduity, we find ourselves sniped from unexpected cover by "mysteries" and "concealments." Even the "Manchester Guardian," as if to disprove the thesis for which it stands, that there is some hope, some strength, something worthy to survive in democracy, has begun to sound the tocsin. It is, we gather, no "alarmist;" but "the situation needs to be envisaged as a whole," and there is "truth," which we are informed will be stimulating, even if it be a little disconcerting. We hold no brief for concealment. There is much about the war which could be told that remains untold, from what seems to be mere narrowness of vision. But the trend of all this suggestion—and the "Manchester Guardian" can scarcely be ignorant of the fact—is a growing conviction of the country's abundant ineptitude. We may

remind those who favor conscription that this is hardly the correct tune to pipe for their particular purpose. If everything is so critical, if in all these months of struggle we have achieved nothing, we can hardly expect a nation to pour in, open-eyed, a further stream of young lives to follow that which has passed for ever.

The "situation needs to be envisaged as a whole." Let us envisage it. In the unshakable faith in the survival value of democracy and of freedom, we refused in time of peace to support an armed force beyond the requirements of our safety and our Imperial needs, with the exception of a surplus which, if the cause called, we might send to fight on the Continent. The surplus was so small that if the two Continental groups joined battle, our military force thrown into the lighter scale would have hardly any effect in redressing the initial inferiority of mobilized power. Yet it was to that side that the balance of motive inclined us. We took the risk of fighting at the outset, and perhaps for some time, with a group of Powers greatly outnumbered, in the belief that we should be able to avoid a decisive defeat, and that time would rally our resources, as well as those of our allies. The course of the war was thus predetermined. The German armies would muster at the outset a much greater number than the Allies. Russia was slow of mobilization, and incompletely a conscript nation. All the earlier odds were on the side of the Austro-German combination. The strategy of the Allies would necessarily be to feel the strength of the enemy, but to avoid decisive action except under the most favorable circumstances, to hold on and wear down the enemy until in all the elements of his force his superiority diminished, and the balance turned in our favor. Can anyone reasonably complain that the war has followed its normal course? Upon what ground does any reasonable being expect that, when the Austro-German forces could not, with a huge superiority, achieve a decision, we, who are just arriving at equality in all the various factors of military force, can at once decisively defeat an enemy who has utilized his period of superiority to entrench himself in a system of redoubts and fortifications which can only be reduced by a vast consumption of one of the chief elements of an army's equipment?

Yet to make the assumption that we are nearing equality is to suggest that we have already done great things. We have brought the German dream to naught. It was a paper plan, and it shared in the high mortality which attaches to German "scraps of paper." The Germans visualized France brought to her knees, and, forced to make peace, parting with her colonies. A swift turn about after this "battle without a morrow" and Russia would be so mercilessly handled that she would realize the futility of the struggle and agree to terms. That was the impressionist outline. There were finer lines, the Kaiser's entry into Paris, and so on. All this simply has not happened. For over a year the Germans have used every advantage to compel a decision. Cheated of Paris, they sought to take Calais. Still unsuccessful, they turned to Russia, and for a year hammered away at one point or another, for nearly seven months with the greatest intensity. But, although they took city after city and fortress after fortress, they could not compel the

Russians to accept a decisive battle, still less put them out of the conflict. There is still no decision, and this struggle of nearly fourteen months has worn down the enemy's resources until slowly, but surely, we are gaining the upper hand, in every element of military force. The only tangible advantage they retain—and it is not to be despised—is the Allied country they seized by means of their great initial superiority. But if we, starting with the same superiority, had failed to beat decisively so ill-prepared an enemy, every newspaper in the country would be visualizing the time when the balance would turn against us.

So much for the general course of the war. Our own part in it has been, if not the greatest, perhaps the most wonderful. Our tiny handful of men struggled against heavy odds at Mons, escaped the trap of Maubeuge, and fought at Le Cateau a decisive action, outgunned and probably outmanned fourfold, which gave them breathing space for the rest of the retreat. They shared in the Battle of the Marne, in which the Allies threw back the German armies against odds of nearly two to one. They fought against vastly greater odds at Ypres a year ago to defend Calais. They held Ypres in the terrible crisis of May, and number Neuve Chapelle and Loos among their achievements. This last, their greatest victory, is the most recent, and it is on a plane wholly novel for an army of this country. Never have such British forces been in the field as stand there now. The heroic army of Mons is multiplied twenty-six times, and the new voluntary armies have shown as fine a spirit as the old professional army. No one doubts their courage, or has failed to commend it. The fact that Prussian lists give more prisoners than dead, and ours more dead than prisoners, is not without its significance.

And the atmosphere in which all this has taken place is that of a Navy which has developed such force and efficiency that to-day it possesses that perfection of strength, the quality of being unchallengeable. We can record with pride on the anniversary of Trafalgar the achievement of a greater triumph than Nelson lived to witness. The German flag has gone from the seas. We have established an effective "distant" blockade, now virtually extended to the Baltic, an achievement which was thought to be, if not impossible, at least incredibly difficult. We have taken practically all Germany's colonies, and our troops are actually pursuing an enemy to Bagdad. The Germans' counter to our blockade has been met with the Navy's unfailing resource, and the submarine menace, if not ended, is well in hand. And our sea-power was exerted so instantaneously that the western flank of our ally, a long, unguarded coast-line, which must have fallen an easy prey to the German fleet, has remained more invulnerable than the fortified Belfort-Verdun eastern flank. How could France have fought with that western flank at Germany's mercy? How could we have fought by her side unless the Navy had exercised an immediate superiority? Our ships sail the seas, and our commerce, though necessarily diminished, persists. On the other hand, the enemy's commerce has almost completely vanished.

Again, if we have made mistakes, has not the enemy? If frequently our hopes have been killed on the eve of realization, have not the Germans'? They have

the advantages of their defects. They are autocratically ruled, and this gives decision and force. We believe in the right, which we possess, of self-determination. But we must recognize that such a right involves a great responsibility. We have a certain freedom of speech and criticism which is not substantially changed, even by the Defence of the Realm Act. But it is no legitimate use of criticism to create an atmosphere which must depreciate the *moral* of both civilian and soldier. If we do not know the detailed position of the war, we know it sufficiently in outline for our purpose. We have created an army which is of the same order as the huge Continental armies. There is no reason to doubt that we can secure even more recruits if they are wanted. We can recruit up to the financial and economical limits of our position as financiers of the war. We can do this if we remind our people, not that everything has gone wrong, but that the course of the war so far has proceeded on the lines we might have expected, except for such extraordinary victories as the Marne and the first Battle of Ypres. If we could achieve these when we were far the weaker, what shall we be able to do when we are the stronger of the belligerent groups? Our own losses give us a sure indication of the scale of the enemy's wastage. The new adventure in the Balkans may hold unwelcome surprises for us, but can hardly turn to our permanent disadvantage. Russia is slowly regaining the power of the initiative. Endurance is the watchword of the hour, and it is the last lap that tells.

THE CHOICE FOR GREECE.

THE situation in the Balkans has ceased to be (in the word favored of critics) "complex." Politically, it has resolved itself into the one remaining question still undecided—Is Greece coming to the assistance of her Ally? Strategically, it concentrates also upon the one question—Can effective relief be sent to Serbia by the Allies, either by the single railway line which winds northward from Salonika, always under the menace of attack from the East, or by any other method of egress which could carry substantial help in men and supplies, and could be kept open if retirement is necessary?

The attitude of the Alliance towards the first question is simply defined. It has been outlined in the speeches of M. Venezelos, the "practical idealist" who to-day is taking his rightful place amongst the great statesmen of Europe. Greece is bound by treaty to help Serbia when at war with Bulgaria; and any wriggings away from that alliance—the ink is scarcely dry on the scrap of paper which records it—are of the kind calculated to dishonor Greece for all future time. We cannot attempt to force upon Greece fulfilment of a treaty to which we are no parties. We cannot blockade and bombard the ports and islands of Greece because, as a nation, she remains neutral, and because we could coerce her so easily, being small. Any such action would not only divorce us from the sympathy and approval of the civilized world; it would deprive us of that moral advantage over Germany which is not less important than the material. It would also be useless in itself. For you cannot make an army or nation fight

which does not want to fight, by battering its shores or annexing its territories.

The only possible method to be adopted is to re-emphasize the prophecies of Venezelos with all the guarantee of the Quadruple Alliance. No injury will be inflicted on Greece if she remains neutral. She will have retained everything—except her honor. By honor, and the fulfilment of honorable obligations, nations, as individuals, ultimately live or die. Serbia in her life and death struggle is already declaring that she made a mistake in trusting the Greeks, that she ought rather to have allied herself with the Bulgarians against Grecian perfidy. After the war, Serbia and Bulgaria will remain, and recover, in time, from its ravages. There will remain also a coveted sea-border, and a race for whose protection no one will lift a finger. Greece, pitifully vulnerable to attacks from the interior, will find herself in a desperate position, with the following character: "This is the nation which, in the hour of trial and testing, breaks its word."

On the other hand, the Quadruple Alliance is apparently making it quite clear to the present Greek Government of a minority that, although immune from attack, no inch of territory shall come to Greece as the price of cowardice. The curse of Meroz will lie heavily upon her at the end. The great dreams of renewed glory of Hellenism, of the unity of all Greek peoples under one flag, of the creation of a Maritime State in the East, with large possibilities of prosperity in trade and development of a special Greek civilization, will have gone for ever. Events now revealed concerning the condition of Turkey-in-Asia, and the wholesale and frightful destruction of the Armenians with incredible accompaniments of outrage and torture, render it certain that the Allies will not cease war until that "ramshackle Empire" is literally "torn limb from limb"—until every possible overlordship of Turks over Christians is for ever destroyed. In the West of Asiatic Turkey lie some of the great prizes of the war. But there are other claimants besides Greece for these rich territories. Not one acre of them will she receive if she does not take the step desired by an overwhelming majority in the Chamber, and by a statesman with vision beyond to-day and to-morrow, and enter the war at a time when she can give substantial assistance to her Allies to-day. To-morrow she may offer such assistance, when all risk is over, and hasten to the succour of the victors. To-morrow her help may be negligible and her offer coldly declined. The dream of Hellenism will be destroyed, as other dreams of other nations have been destroyed; because they knew not the time of their visitation.

Her help is needed to-day because she alone has organized forces on the spot of magnitude sufficient substantially to assist Serbia in her struggle. The forces of the Quadruple Alliance are hastening to the rescue, and before many weeks are over it may be that members of all the four nations may find their first meeting place in the Balkans. But to-day a defence of the Vardar Railway, or an attack, delivered with some violence on any of those Bulgarian armies which are slowly flooding westward down through all the

practicable passes, might change the history of the Balkans and prevent that hard-used region from being once again converted into a morass of outrage and murder. Whether in practice it will be possible to maintain open and secure that long, thin corridor which winds through the mountains from Salonika to Uskub and Nish, is a matter of debatable military decision. The whole line is almost overhung on the East by the forests and mountains which form Bulgaria's western boundaries; and guerilla work, in a hundred vulnerable places, supported by what remains of the population of Macedonia itself might make that operation an actual military impossibility. On the other hand, opportunities might open for succour and supply by an alternative westerly route—through Monastir, and thence by roads amongst the hills, to Veles, to Uskub, even to Mitrovitza, and all Western Serbia, to which the Serbian Army and nation will, if defeated, eventually retire. Such possibilities might be regarded as chimerical but for the actual experience of Bulgaria herself in 1912, who, in a similar season of the year, deprived by the Adrianople resistance of the railway, maintained supplies on a six days' journey from the rail-head over a mountain road and through the dust and mud of Thrace to her immense army before Tchataldja. If transport could be forthcoming similar in character, there would seem to be no reason why, from a centre (say) at Monastir, the resistance at the fighting front might not be strengthened and sustained by men and munitions over the imperfect mountain roads which lead north and eastward, and have been trodden before by many armies.

The situation therefore is by no means hopeless, and panic about it is absurd. The comparison of a "Serbian ulcer" to the "Spanish ulcer" which was in part responsible for the downfall of Napoleon, has been noted by many critics. The idea that the flinging in recklessly of huge numbers of men would be a "decisive" measure is an idea belonging to the region of dreams. It could not be entertained for a moment by those who are familiar with the conditions of Serbia at the present time, and of this litter of mountains always. The problem is far more one of supply to the men at the front, and the removal of fugitive women and children to some southern or westward base, where they can be maintained from hunger and cold, and no longer prove an embarrassment to the fighting forces, combined with a constant supply of food and munitions to a country where food is running low. Three hundred thousand men hurried up to Nish, or beyond, might merely find surrender or starvation in a disaster equal to the greatest in history. We want more than ever, then, to-day a mobile force under the command of a combination of caution and courage such as Arthur Wellesley displayed in the Peninsula; as indifferent to the possible necessity for retreats, and the consequent howlings for his retirement at home; as determined not to be hustled and frightened into impossible essays for victory by political or extraneous influences. With such a force, with Salonika as a sure and impregnable base, with the natural conditions of the Balkans in favor of the defences, and with a Serbia prepared to perish rather than

surrender, the last desperate effort of Germany to break through the ring of fire which surrounds her may be finally foiled.

FIGHTING IN THE DARK.

If this country is to be kept from ruin it is essential that the financial conditions of the war, as set out in Mr. Montagu's powerful analysis last week, shall be squared with the recruiting policy. Mr. Montagu reminds us that the estimated annual cost of the war for the future is at the rate of 1,825 millions, or more than three-quarters of our aggregate income. So staggering a statement seems to have had the curious effect of easing the mind and stifling criticism. At any rate, no serious attempt has been made in the House of Commons, which still nominally controls public finance, to inquire how this miracle is to be performed. Yet some attempt must be made to show how the finding of this money is consistent with the withdrawal of more men from the industry and commerce of the country. And in the forefront of this inquiry we would set one fact of which the huge significance is not yet realized. When we undertook to render financial aid to our Allies, we undertook, in effect, to keep our national industries provided adequately with the labor that would enable us to fulfil this undertaking. Now, this assistance is estimated to amount to no less than 425 millions for the current year, and if the war continues there is no likelihood that the need for next year will be less. This means that at least the equivalent of four and a quarter million men must be kept out of the fighting lines in order that by their steady industry they may enable us to meet this financial obligation. As Mr. Montagu put it, "We had advanced to our Allies sums which, it was estimated in some quarters, would equip and maintain in the field three millions of their soldiers." In other words, in order to put these three millions of our Allies in the field we have undertaken to reduce the proportion of our adult males available for direct fighting service. This is doubtless a wise arrangement. For the same sum of money would not maintain nearly so large a number of British troops, even if they were otherwise available, which would not be the case. The object of the arrangement was to maintain the total Allied forces at a higher figure than otherwise would be possible.

Now any attempt of our national recruiting policy to trench upon the industrial reserve needed to carry out this arrangement is nothing but a reckless betrayal of the general cause of the Allies. We have implicitly undertaken to keep down the proportion of our contribution to the fighting forces, in order to enable our Allies to increase theirs. Any attempt to apply recruiting so as to weaken our financial resources strikes at the very roots of this war economy. For to maintain the rate of war expenditure we have already reached must strain to the utmost the sinews of our national finance. This truth is only beginning to come home to us in high taxation and in rising prices. It is still screened by the artificially swollen profits and wages of certain industries and localities, and by the postponement

of the full burdens of taxation. But when Mr. Montagu declares that, "allowing for any loans that can be raised abroad, every citizen ought to be prepared to put at least half of his current income at the disposal of the State in the form of taxes or of loans," he is announcing, not a standard of patriotic duty, but a simple necessity of the situation. For, unless this is achieved, we cannot find the food, arms, and other war requisites we have undertaken to find for our own forces and for those of our Allies; and our fighting powers will be proportionately impaired. If this is, in general terms, a correct account of the situation, it follows that any recruiting policy, whether compulsory or voluntary, which reduces beyond a certain point our income-earning powers in order to increase our expenditure, is damaging the real fighting strength of the Allied Forces.

And here we would ask one or two pertinent and vitally important questions. The War Office presumably has some idea as to the number of men it wants and is seeking to enlist. But the nation has a right to know whether that number is based upon a close comparison of the alleged requirements of the military situation with the requirements of national industry and finance. In other words, if the recruiting policy aims at any further enlargement of our fighting forces, has the Government received from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and from other sources, clear proof that such an increase of expenditure can be met out of an income necessarily reduced by the new drafts into the Army? No official statement of the recruiting requirements has been made. But public placards are freely asserting that at least 30,000 men a week are wanted, we suppose, for some months to come. The statement is of no great value, for no mention is made of the period for which this effort is to be kept up. But recruiting agents name a still higher figure. Now, the mere replacement of the wastage of our existing armies, though essential, imposes a continually increasing burden, economic as well as vital, upon a nation called upon to maintain the same number of fighting men by the labor of a diminishing number of industrial workers. But the number which the recruiting officials are endeavoring to win may well exceed the reasonable estimates of wastage, and thus greatly enlarge the total fighting force. Parliament and the nation ought to be told whether this is so or not, and whether or how any such enlargement can be supported consistently with our policy of furnishing a large and ever-growing financial aid to our allies. Parliament ought to insist, before any further step is taken, that the departmental finance, by which the War Office and the Munitions Department have been allowed in effect to regulate each its own expenditure at its own arbitrary will, shall be subjected to a general survey and consent of Parliament. Before we take a single step further, we ought to be assured, not by the War Minister, concerned primarily or exclusively to strengthen the immediate fighting line, nor by the Munitions Minister, concerned to turn out shells as fast as possible, but by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the country can support the new demands upon it. Otherwise, we have no security that a couple of departments may not commit our nation to a short-range military policy, bad alike for industry

and the true defence of the country. A full, open statement and discussion of the military and economic resources of the nation is the only policy that is at once safe and consistent with the principles of liberty for which we stand. Such a discussion could give the enemy no really serviceable information which he could not otherwise obtain, while it is absolutely essential to maintain and evoke the full confidence of a free people called upon to apply all their personal efforts and energies to the fulfilment of a great public purpose. A free people cannot fight in the dark, and will not trust those who tell them that public policy requires them to do so.

REPRISALS.

"No French Government," said General Joffre the other day, "would impose such an order, knowing that it could not be obeyed." He was speaking of the order given by the German Admiralty to its submarine commanders to sink the "Lusitania" without warning. The remark was an illustration of his general thesis that German discipline rests on terrorism and reduces its victims to automata, whereas French discipline respects the "fraternity" and the "intelligence" of Republican citizens, whose "conscience is higher than any military necessity." If a politician or a literary man had spoken in this sense, the words would still have been notable and fine. Coming from the man who has the right to demand the unflinching obedience of the finest army in Europe, they make an epoch in the history of the nation in arms. They recognize frankly that no commander has the right to give an order which flouts the conscience of honorable men, and they imply that if such an order were given, it would be disobeyed, and ought to be disobeyed. This declaration from a soldier, who weighs his words, has a bearing on the suggestion of reprisals in kind, which our Press has been discussing since the last and most murderous of the German air-raids. When it is proposed that our airmen should be ordered to fly to Hamburg or Cologne, and to deal to the crowded streets of these cities the same measure of indiscriminate slaughter which we have suffered in London, there are two main considerations to be kept in view. We have first of all to visualize in these German towns the kind of scene with which the inquests have made us familiar at home—the workmen's dwelling on which the bomb descends to murder an old couple on their knees, to kill the children in their beds, or to maim the babies or the women destined to die after days of pain. When we have answered the question whether this is the kind of use which we desire to make of our scientific skill, we have next to realize that the agents of these murders would be our fellow-citizens. They are perhaps of all the brave men who have enlisted in a struggle against brutal force, the most spirited and the most chivalrous. Theirs is an arm which attracts the very flower of youth, and demands as much intelligence and self-reliance as physical courage. To order men who respect themselves to go out deliberately with the mission to smash homes and slaughter civilians would be something more than

an offence against humanity; it would be an outrage upon soldiers who deserve our gratitude and respect. No British Government, to adopt General Joffre's words, would give such an order.

The question of reprisals in warfare is one of the most difficult which civilians can discuss or soldiers decide. Only a pedant would generalize about it with absolute confidence. There are some reprisals to which no honorable commander would ever resort, however flagrant the provocation. We shall never put civilians in front of our firing line, or massacre the wounded, or sink passenger ships at sight. There are other methods to which necessity might bring us. If by some forbidden device, such as the use of poisonous gas, the enemy were likely to win the war, the conscience of most men would reluctantly approve of its adoption. The real difficulty lies between these two extremes. It arises most often in such matters as the giving of quarter. In every war there are cases in which flushed troops or brutal officers refuse it on some occasion without warrant, and slaughter men who have laid down their arms. If the other side makes the most of such instances, and uses them as a pretext for reprisals, the war rapidly degenerates into a massacre, robbed of all chivalry or mercy, and battles which might leave behind them some respect for a gallant foe, end only in scarred consciences and enduring hate. In dealing with the enemy's troops, the general principle is fairly clear, that the usages and morals of war do not require an army to accord any greater degree of mercy or consideration than it itself receives. A wise general, however, will rarely take advantage of such latitude, even in dealing with the enemy's regulars. He knows that licence will degrade his average men and disgust his best. He reckons, moreover, that the enemy will usually fight the more stubbornly if quarter is refused than if it be granted. Humanity, in short, is commonly good policy. The case is otherwise when the lives and honor of the enemy's civilians are concerned. The brutality of high commanders or the indiscipline or ferocity of the masses of an army may justify reprisals against that army, though considerations of expediency will rarely, if ever, make for a general policy of severity. But the offences of an enemy's troops can never justify reprisals upon his non-combatants. That is, for civilized soldiers, the one categorical imperative in the chapter of reprisals.

We are glad that the strongest protests against a policy of reprisals have come from men like Lord Alvertone and Sir Edward Clarke, whose fame rests on a luminous and trained intelligence. It is a primitive and unreflecting sentimentality which would answer useless cruelty with an equally fatuous barbarism. We are all substantially agreed in these islands in our estimate of these raids. The whole long series has achieved no military results worth reckoning. If the intention, however, was not (as it may have been) to strike with a fallible and haphazard aim at legitimate objectives, if the airmen consoled themselves for missing arsenals by the reflection that at least their erring bombs sowed panic among the people, then the failure is even more evident. They have caused not panic but anger, and so far from demoralizing a nation, they have only steeled its will

to fight. From this intimate experience we may judge what the effect of counter-raids would be in Germany. The Germans have erred continually from sheer arrogance in their reading of other peoples. They are so conscious of their own virtues that they imagine them to be exclusively German virtues. Patriotic and proud themselves, they did not expect patriotism and pride in the Belgians. Brave and steadfast themselves, they did not expect steadiness in England. Let us not fall into their peculiar folly. It is well to assume that all European races are more or less equally brave, and to reckon that the emotional reaction after a British air raid on a German town would differ little from the effect of a German raid on a British town. The chances are that the consequence of our reprisals would only be an inflamed and unscrupulous anger, and that, for the future, the Zeppelins which often murder by mistake, would henceforth devote themselves to murder by system. There is no demand from sober public opinion for the stupid and dishonoring sentimentalism of a policy of reprisal and revenge. The less we discuss these unintelligent outrages the better will it be for our national dignity. The proper answer to them is a more vigilant and resourceful defence. The destruction of two or three German airships will do more to stop the raids than any reprisal in kind.

HOW TO MEET THE ZEPPELINS.

It is quite clear that we shall not be moved from our purpose, or even seriously disturbed, by the repetition of Zeppelin raids. But it is equally proper to examine whether all is being done that the situation requires. Zeppelins have made a considerable number of visits to England, first to last, and the death roll is not wholly insignificant. We have opened too many avenues in this war, through which we allow our resources to slip through our fingers, and we need not add another to the list.

Now, the attack upon Zeppelins may be considered an affair of guns or of aeroplanes. There are one or two other weapons which have been suggested, but they cannot survive serious consideration. The attack by guns is one which Sir Percy Scott will probably favor as a gunnery expert, and it is worth while considering its chances and its limits. Our high-angle guns can doubtless range as high as 3,000 yards, or higher, but a Zeppelin, even with a full crew or a full cargo or both, can travel beyond that range long enough to cover any given limited area. On the other hand, the Zeppelin wishes to be as near its objective as possible, for otherwise, even in broad daylight, an obvious optical error makes it extremely difficult to say when the airship is over a given point, or at a given distance from that point. The Zeppelin can, then, but probably will not, remain out of range altogether. But supposing it is in range, although the gunner is only aiming to burst his shrapnel near the airship, his problem is still one of the utmost difficulty. The Zeppelin can choose not only its direction, but its plane. It is not in the same plane as the gun to begin with, and it changes its position at the utmost speed. Under such conditions, the disabling of a

Zeppelin is a doubtful achievement. To attain it, it is almost certain that the motors must first be put out of action, and this demands an almost impossible accuracy of aim. To expect shrapnel to do more than cause a few punctures, *i.e.*, a few small leakages, is to be more sanguine as to the human factor in gunnery under such conditions than is warranted.

The attack by aeroplanes is certainly simpler. To take its difficulty first. No aeroplane can rise in a vertical plane directly and with the speed of a Zeppelin. Hence the Zeppelins over London, say, remain a few minutes, do their damage, and turn before an aeroplane can rise to their height. But to put the question in this way is to assume that we wait until the Zeppelins have reached London before sending up our aeroplanes. Surely when the Zeppelins are reported from the Dutch coast the intervening hours would allow a fleet of aeroplanes to take the air, and go to meet the airship. The guns could be stopped by telephone as soon as the aeroplanes had risen, and if we sent sixty instead of six, or, to be more modest, twenty, they should be able to exercise any Zeppelin which they could intercept to its fullest capacity. Hawker has taken an aeroplane to 20,000 feet, though this is, of course, an extreme altitude. We do not wish to speak dogmatically, but it should surely be possible for the aeroplane to secure position above the airship. Once above a Zeppelin, an aeroplane is practically immune except from the suction, if it should fall suddenly, or the explosion, which would seal the airship's doom. The guns mounted upon the aluminium platform on the top of the Zeppelin seem to be rather a danger than a safeguard, and hence the airman has only to drop his bomb accurately, and that is the end of his antagonist. The aeroplanes could easily arrange to attack airships when they are not flying over towns, and the danger from their bombs would thus be obviated. There remains the question of the danger of flying by night. This is, of course, more correctly the danger of alighting, for the airman cannot remain up for ever. But surely with the numerous open places of London, still more beyond London, it should not pass the wit of man to devise a safe system of flares, which need only be lit in response, say, to the signal of the airman who wishes to descend.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

ONE is not surprised to hear of the Prime Minister's illness, concerning which the "Times" of to-day delicately suggests that it was a feint. Mr. Asquith's physique is of iron mould and corresponds to his habitual calmness of mind; but even such temperaments, as Gladstone's case showed, yield to illness when their possessors have to act on two fronts—against foes without and foes within. I have known nothing like the campaign of sly detraction of which he is the victim. Nothing stops it; neither the extreme

stress of the war nor the peril of internal division. The crusade has its comic side, as when the "Mail" assails Mr. Asquith's *lâches* on the day when the "Times," in a peean on the Minister of Munitions, snatches the latest consignment of shells from General von Donop, their real contriver, and miraculously conceives them as Mr. Lloyd George's. But these bitternesses rather reveal than conceal the fact that Mr. Asquith is master of the Cabinet, and that if it is to be broken by a set of calculated resignations, hurled at the moment when Lord Derby is marshalling his canvassers, the country will know who is to blame. So that essentially the situation is better and firmer. The Derby campaign has opened very well; and it will not be treated as a mere plank over which the voluntary system is to be tilted to its doom. That has been the object of the whole manœuvre; it has been defeated; hence these tantrums.

I AM afraid that both Sir Edward Carson's resignation and his manner of announcing it wear a rather more threatening air than some writers assign to them. Sir Edward is a man of parts, and made a forcible impression on his colleagues. He is a conscriptionist, and, like many of us, he has strong views as to the inception and conduct of the expedition to the Dardanelles. But if it was not possible to reconcile those views with his remaining in office, why could he not just now have held his peace about them? When Lord Morley and Mr. John Burns left the Cabinet on the declaration of war, neither of them opened his mouth. There are more reasons for guarded utterance to-day than in August, 1914. And there is every reason in the world against labelling yourself a seceder from a Cabinet less because you disagree with a special point of policy than because you think that policy lacking in clearness and decision. What could be more improper than to pass such a censure and to couple it with the Foreign Secretary? The truth is that men of Sir Edward Carson's temperament are not suited for responsibility. His conduct of the Ulster sedition—with the broad temptation it offered to Germany—is proof enough of that.

BUT the bad feature of the situation is the evidence of a muttered, but sustained, chorus of depreciation and unsettlement. Really Sir Edward Carson, who goes, makes a more presentable figure than Mr. Churchill, who remains. What is the meaning of the Trafalgar Day message? We understand the pursuit of pessimism in the "Daily Mail." But who is Mr. Churchill to reinforce it with such phrases as that "the Russian line wears thin"? The Russian line happens to be a good deal stouter and stronger than it was. But we are Russia's Ally, and Mr. Churchill and his colleagues are daily concerting measures of common warfare with her. Still worse is the statement that "through our long delays," the enemy has obtained a new initiative in the Near East. Whose delays? Sir Edward Grey's? The Cabinet's? Or, perchance, his own? The country is disposed to attach a much stronger word to his handling of the Dardanelles Expedition, and to give

him every chance of making his defence of it and of other tragedies of misdirected energy in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility. Such defences are not usually made from the Treasury Bench, least of all in the way of ungenerous reflections upon colleagues.

THE meeting of Liberal and Labor members opposed to conscription was a very great success. It stood for about 150 members, and its tone was firm, united, serious, and energetic. It is to issue a statement of the case against conscription, both on general grounds and for the reason that it would be disastrous to the prosecution of the war. Mr. Whitehouse, who has just resigned his post as Parliamentary Secretary to Mr. Lloyd George (to be succeeded by Sir Leo Chiozza Money!), is to act as secretary.

ON personal grounds, all who know Sir Ian Hamilton have heard with regret that he is recalled from his command in the Dardanelles. He has personality—a personality of great charm and attraction. Probably there are many who have compared him with the "perfect gentle knight" whose character Chaucer drew. For it may be said of him that he has always "lovede chyvalrie, trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie." He is also a man of uncommon physical courage—one of the very few who not only possess the power of concealing and dominating fear, but really seem not to feel it. This is the more remarkable because he has a strongly imaginative temperament, as is shown in all his writings and despatches. They are distinguished in style; they reveal the true literary faculty. Perhaps that very faculty, combined with habitual courtesy towards the opinion of others, may have caused a certain weakness of decision, too often found in the literary nature. At all events, one regards him as a "knight"—a great captain acting under higher orders—rather than as a great and self-reliant general. At the same time, we must not forget that one of the most difficult tasks ever allotted to a general was imposed upon him just at a time when its real difficulties were only beginning to appear.

SIR EDWARD GREY would have made a full statement of policy to the Commons last week, but circumstances—for which he was in no way to blame—made this impossible.

As the Attorney-Generalship has been more often vacant in recent years than any other office in the Government, some members have been talking of abolishing the post as a proved superfluity. "We must think twice about that," was the thoughtful comment of a Lobby philosopher, "or we may have nobody left to clap our munition workers in gaol when the unpatriotic dogs disagree among themselves and 'down tools.'"

IN its deliberate fashion the House of Lords is at last beginning to adjust its arrangements to the new orientation of parties. Last week, Lord Milner, who used to sit on the Cross Benches, and afterwards below

the Opposition gangway, moved up for a moment or two to the front Opposition Bench, as if for a trial-trip in official leadership—an experiment, it may be noted, in which he was daringly anticipated some time ago by Lord Strachie, the only Liberal peer who has crossed the floor since so many Unionists were drawn by the Coalition to the other side. More interesting, and probably more significant, in a political sense, is the transition of Lord Morley and Lord Courtney, who have left their former position behind Ministers and now sit together on the front Cross Bench, where they apparently desire it to be understood that they are acting in concert.

I SEE that Mr. Garvin warns all concerned that the attitude of public opinion towards the Government is stern, but just and balanced. "This," he adds, "is the last interval of restraint." A little lower down I read as follows:—

"If they (the British Government) fumble with it and cannot grasp their nettle—if they cannot see what is the one question supremely urgent for the immediate future and vital to the ultimate winning of the war on all fronts—if they cannot seize the essential at last and concentrate upon it with decision and daring, and the whole of their strength—if they muddle and fail—then, indeed, immeasurable will be the disgrace of their incompetence, unpardonable the guilt of their weakness, execrable will be their names and memories, disastrous the consequences of their shame to Britain and her Empire now and in years to come."

Not bad for "restraint."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

"BULLETS AND BALLOTS."

WHILE we in the belligerent countries have our minds absorbed by the agitating movement of this war, the humaner thinkers in neutral countries find leisure to speculate and construct. The boldness of some of the projects which find favor in Holland and Switzerland is apt at a first reading to strike the English reader with surprise. Do these amiable and apparently capable people, he asks, really fail to realize the intensity of the national passions which this war has aroused? Have they missed the meaning of the terrific will for victory which animates both sides, that they can seriously contemplate the voluntary renunciation of force by all of us at the peace, and the immediate establishment of federal government and a reign of law? The neutral has his answer. His ears, too, are dinned by all our angers and our protestations, and if he knows rather less of our mood than we do, he knows more of the enemy's. All this he dismisses as the passing rage of the day. Europe was comparatively sober a week before the war began, and it will lapse again into sobriety—a painful, weary sobriety—when the war is over. It is, indeed, possible that if the settlement is fairly reasonable, the tragedy may purge our minds by pity and terror. We have before us a pamphlet by a Swiss pacifist, which, by its cold reasoning, its avoidance of eloquence and sentiment, its recognition of the crude facts of human motive, impresses by its sobriety, and none the less argues for a European Constitution. ("Internationale Anarchie oder Verfassung." Von F. von Wrangel. Orell Füssli,

Zürich.) Its argument is, briefly, that the means by which law and stability are maintained within national States are also the means appropriate to end the anarchy of a continent. The thesis, of course, is as old as the Abbé de Saint Pierre. But if there is nothing new in the scheme, there is something that is fresh in the argument.

We were arrested on the first pages by the statement that the mere hatreds of nations are no obstacle to the creation of a European Commonwealth. In normal times, he suggests, the Frenchman and the German do not hate each other as in some countries the Socialist and the capitalist, the freethinker and the clerical, hate each other. Judging by words, that is true. Language, however, is not quite a fair test. You must speak with a certain frigid courtesy of your foreign enemy unless you want to provoke war. You may abuse your domestic foe with a riotous pen, because there is little or no risk that your extravagance will lead to bloodshed. Moreover, the fraternal dislikes of Socialist and capitalist, Clerical and Liberal, are balanced by a positive emotion, their common love of country. The hatreds of nations are not as yet held in check by any European patriotism. To this again we think the skilful pacifist might find an answer. Patriotism, he would remind us, is a comparatively modern sentiment. The treasons which were common form, both in England and in France in the revolutionary period, are impossible to-day only because every citizen regards his country as his own. Patriotism is the creation of the just and stable State; it does not necessarily precede it.

The main argument of Herr von Wrangel, which follows that of the Italian jurist, Umano, is really a rather subtle extension of an old theory of the State, which our own suffrage controversies have lately revived. It is involved in the familiar jingle about "bullets and ballots." Voting, to be brief, is a substitute for civil war; why then assume that it is an impossible remedy for international war? The argument will not appeal in this form to most Liberals, for our conception of society rejects this basis of physical force. But it has a meaning, and it may be a possible *ad hominem* argument to use against militarists. As Herr von Wrangel and Signor Umano state it, it runs somewhat as follows: "The stability of any national State depends on its ability to guarantee to each of the groups and elements of its population, the attainment by constitutional means of such influence as corresponds to its own conception of the sum of its own forces, physical and intellectual. When this influence falls below the claims of a group or class, it resorts to threats or violence, and the State tends to lose its stability. An enduring peace can only be established by the same means. Each nation, in short, must be assured that it shall, under legal forms, and by peaceful means, attain under a representative authority the degree of influence to which its military power entitles it." It is this last phrase which makes the originality of the argument. It no longer addresses the militarist with an appeal to some high ethical or emotional standard, to which in fact he may not bow. It assures him that his place in the Areopagus shall correspond to his potential military force. The suggestion is, in the concrete, that the voting power of each State shall be fixed by population, wealth, and industrial efficiency (measured by trade figures), the three prime factors in the modern world of military power. Why fight, if in the world's Parliament your vote will give you as much power as your sword might win on the world's battlefields?

The argument is not without force, but, none the less, we do not expect that any intelligent militarist will

succumb to it. In the first place, there is in warfare an element that cannot be measured in terms of population, wealth, and industrial efficiency, and the militarist (real though this element is) commonly exaggerates it. The strength on paper of armies and fleets affects diplomacy under the armed peace. The "Powers" (what a confession underlies that name) in their combinations and oppositions did seem, in crisis after crisis, and in repeated games of "bluff," to count their forces without actually using them. That may go on for twenty years, until at last one military group forces war, because it believes that its real power in the field (whether by reason of its greater preparedness, its new arms, its military spirit, or the genius of its staff) exceeds its acknowledged paper strength. This variable and incalculable factor in war alone renders the "bullet-ballot" argument fallacious. There is a graver difficulty than this. It is that military Powers, in their periods of acute megalomania, seek something more than the influence to which their resources fairly entitle them. They pursue ends in war which no assembly of a European Commonwealth would ever conceivably accord to them in time of peace. They seek some demonstrably anti-social end, which can be attained by war, and only by war, provided they can make sure of victory. The German National Liberals who want to annex Belgium for the sake of its coal and iron, pursue such an end. The more moderate German Imperialists who want to exploit Turkey economically, and in order to do so, propose to obliterate Serbia as an obstacle in their path, also pursue such an end. Now, a European Parliament might conceivably, if it had existed last year, have done something to facilitate the "economic penetration" of Turkey by Germany, but it would never have wiped out Serbia. It might have done something to improve the outlets for German trade to the West, but it would never have allowed Belgian independence to be touched. It is useless to attempt to say that one can get by ballots all that one might in the most favorable conditions get by bullets. All that can be fairly said is that the method by way of bullets is cruel, costly, and chancy, and more likely to fail than to succeed. The militarist unluckily seldom believes this until he has tried and failed. If he should try and succeed, he will never believe it at all.

The anxiety of this new school of pacifists to meet the militarist on his own ground, and to seem to be as "realist," as he is himself, may lead it into by-ways. Some ethical criticism of values must precede the great conversion. Until your militarist sees the moral evil of trying to march to the exploitation of one people over the murdered body of another, we doubt of his surrender. Until a democracy unmasks the designs of financial groups which desire to use its conscript limbs in order to acquire coal and iron fields for their own profit, we shall not get our Arcopagus. The machinery cannot be set up without much moral preparation and the growth of a more critical temper in democracies. It may be argued further that a new and adventurous constitution can be set up only after the more urgent and vital grounds of contention have been removed. Before this war broke out we were vexed with a small but thorny problem of physical force in our own isles. There was in Ireland an angry economic issue, and a local racial issue, and both of them must be solved before a stable Constitution can be set up. The agrarian question was first settled by land purchase. The racial question of Ulster has yet to be solved. When both are settled, but not before, we expect that Catholic and Protestant, peasant and landowner, will be content with such influence under a constitutional régime, as their

respective numbers and capacities may win for them. The parallel may be applied to Europe. There is the broad economic question, which breaks out now in Morocco and again at Bagdad, over trade and investment, spheres of influence and the open door. There is also the question of nationality, which raged its hottest round Serbia. If these two issues were settled in principle, whether by fighting or by conference, if the future for even a brief space of years seemed clear of fundamental issues of conflict, the disturbing motives which resist internationalism might be overcome. We are aware of a possible answer. "You never," it may be said, "will get the atmosphere in which these questions can be settled, until you have first abolished the appeal to force." It is not necessary for the moment to decide between these positions. Let our task be, when the moment for settlement comes, to remove as many of these questions as we can and as fairly as we can, in the spirit of men who would rather win a people for European unity than press a resentment against a foe.

THE COMPETENCE OF WOMEN WORKERS.

No class will emerge unchanged from this war. It may, as a distinguished writer suggested, "create a revolution of all society." Certainly the fundamental conditions will be changed. The condition of all construction and reconstruction is fluidity, even a certain chaos. It is this that the war has wrought, and out of the *débris* of the old world we may hope to see a new and a finer creation. In many directions, old conditions which had fixed and hardened have been broken as by magic. There has even been a drawing together of the ends of the social scale at the moment when the cleavage between capitalism and labor has been moving towards an acute stage. But to no one has war brought so great a change of thought and work and atmosphere as to women. Until the eve of the war they were still to a large extent cloistered. Now the enclosure has been broken, and a few weeks have won what a decade or two might not have achieved. It has never been privilege that woman sought and seeks so much as that pathetic shibboleth of a bygone phase, the "right to work"; and in the act of withdrawing necessary workers from so many fields, the war has given women their opportunity to show, not so much their zeal, as their remarkable efficiency.

There is little, if any, need to enumerate the ways in which women have done their "bit" since the war called them from civilian pursuits. Not to Britain alone, nor even to France and Russia, are their extraordinary services limited. If they have been largely responsible for the health and comfort of the soldiers in Russia and in the countries of our Allies, we need not doubt that they have done as much in the countries of our enemies. Women had shown in peace-time that they could run a temperance public-house or administer a college, or do most other work to which they set their hands, and their service during the war has differed rather in extent though also perhaps a little in kind. One of the most characteristic evidences of this is the register compiled (at 6, Strathray Gardens, Hampstead) by a band of voluntary workers under the presidency of Miss Sargent. The register alone is an achievement. It contains some 9,000 names of English and Welsh University women. It is too late now to enlarge upon the almost violent zeal of women to help in any way possible; but this register is a new testament. These are women of a class and education corresponding to the professional class generally, and everyone seems anxious

to be engaged in something which will be useful for the war. Even those who are engaged the whole day are eager to assist, though the organizers have wisely refused to count such women among the available levies. There are, when these have been counted off, still some 1,200 who have time to spare and the will to engage in war work. And these, it is worth repeating, make no restrictions or limitations as to their offer. Fully qualified in one branch, they have no objection to doing any, even menial, work in another. Some who are quite competent for chemical research are perfectly willing to release a man by acting as a laboratory assistant, and undertaking the drudging work that it entails. The willingness to do anything is so universal that it is now taken for granted.

The women were asked to fill up a form, giving their qualifications and the sort of work they would prefer to undertake. The register is thus a unique and most interesting sidelight upon the mentality of a significant class of women. The vast majority of women seem to lean to secondary school teaching. Another large class prefers secretarial work. There are fewer students of science than might have been expected. There are others who would have been invaluable at the Tower of Babel. One or two have even seven languages at their command, and one at least could slang a native of the Punjab. Quite a number are competent to act as interpreters, and some are so employed. Some have been lecturers in Universities. Others have drifted into odd corners of the world at one call or another, and have returned with such varied accomplishments as big game shooting and horse breaking. The latter, oddly enough, has a fair sprinkling of disciples, and the Dianas who prefer this sort of work include mathematicians and linguists. Stable management has a secret though restricted cult. Some of the women are married, and have already undertaken various pursuits in order to allow their husbands to join the Army. Naturally, there are many gardeners. There are specialists in gardening of various sorts. Some can pursue bee-keeping. Several understand dairying and poultry farming. There are draughtsmen, and women for all sorts of social work. Few, if any, women doctors are disengaged.

Many of the women have taken to war work. At least one member of an Oxford college has been in charge of a factory, working long hours and supervising the making of certain engines of warfare. But the register is not designed to fill such positions, though, of course, it covers employments which call for merely the care and thoroughness which come from wide education. The true rôle of the register is to supply candidates who have special qualifications for the positions—qualifications, that is to say, of the same order as those of the former holder. Or if the work be a new one, the register will supply a woman with the qualifications which would in any case ensure her selection. Certain researches on drugs are now necessary. The register supplies a number of women, competent to do the work, and willing to do it voluntarily.

On quite a number of occasions the Government has applied to the register for help, and there will be more applications as it becomes better known. Each of the women registered is competent to take the place of a man of the class which has an exceptional value for the provision of officers. The register bears witness to organizing ability of no mean degree. A simple system enables the seeker to see at a glance the available material in any given line, and applications can thus be dealt with at the utmost speed. It is no mean fact that a generation should have produced so great a body of women who have under-

gone a training similar to that of men of the professional classes, with at least as good a result. The late Mrs. Craigie once said that the university woman had yet to justify her existence. Even then it was a superficial remark, for when she made it there was in being a vast number of university women in secondary schools, training colleges, universities, research laboratories, and libraries. To-day the register which has just been formed in itself silences such a criticism. Given the chance, it is clear that women can achieve equally with men, that they have the will and the competence to do men's work even in the academic fields which have been men's sacred preserve.

BRAINS ON THE FARM.

EVERYONE has heard many times the story of the man who, having found professions for his clever sons, comes at last to a stupid one, who must go into farming. It is told at the expense of other professions, too, such as the Church and the Army or Navy, but never so gleefully as by farmers themselves at the expense of agriculture. They tell it as an instance of parental and non-agricultural stupidity, the fact, of course, being that farming requires more brains than any other profession. If farmers acted up to this theory, things might be better with them than they are. Their sons would then be treated to a careful system of brain-producing education, and the farmer himself would be well abreast of current knowledge all the way up from the utterly neglected science of book-keeping and the economics of supply and demand. But the farmer too often counts his brains according to the years of his experience and that of his ancestors. The result is that there are very few farmers capable of making a good living in proportion to the acres they work with, except in time of war or perhaps under the endowment of Protection.

It may be that the peasants of Mayo are very much worse than the rest. At any rate, "Pat" would have us think so, who writes about them in a book called "My Little Farm" (Maunsel). He describes his neighbors as highly intelligent, but drilled against intelligent living. All the ills of this naturally gifted people, including the unutterable bane of the United Irish League, spring from the fact that the Irish conscience is not home produced, but "the official counterfeit is incessantly borrowed from foreign sources at deadly rates of usury." This not only makes lying and thieving honorable accomplishments, not only induces the Connaught man to spend a pound gladly in order to do a neighbor out of a shilling, not only leads the cattle-rancher to spread the germs of foot-and-mouth disease by night, so as to close the British market and make stores cheap for him, but makes these intelligent people buy long-legged cows in mistake for large ones, patronize "cur bulls" in preference to the Department's pure-bred shorthorns, sell calves at their cheapest, and purchase them at their dearest, and do all other manner of incomprehensibly stupid things.

In order to rinse one's mouth of a bad taste, one has to read a chapter or two of Rosegger's different description of the Catholic peasantry of Styria. It is less easy to remember that "Pat" himself is a Connaught peasant, and therefore (by his own confession) greatly given to exaggeration, and to the driving of a limited idea to inordinate lengths. He should beware of the bucolic habit of getting hold of some quasi-paradox, and repeating it morning, noon, and night till his acquaintance is heartily sick of it. The repetitions in

this book are terrible. Asseveration is the reverse of convincing. "Is it sell a sick calf to *you* I'd do?" said one of his neighbors to "Pat," and thereupon sold him a very sick one indeed. Still "Pat" must not be seriously identified with what he asserts to be the prevailing morals in Mayo. "Pat" left the holding young, and spent wonderful years in the Strand. A sentence from his preface is as good as a biography:—

"I have passed severe examinations (he writes), written successful books, edited too successful newspapers (*sic*); lived the life of London, died the death of Ireland, and come to life again, on the first day; but I have done no work, lived no life, and filled no place demanding of me so much breadth of knowledge, elasticity of judgment, and variety of action as the conduct of a once wretched little farm in the West of Ireland."

So, the reader might suppose, the intelligence of Mayo need not be very low to allow such strenuous brilliance to outshine it.

To most farmers, to any biological chemist, to a diligent reader of the "Journal of the Board of Agriculture," the methods by which "Pat" reclaimed his holding are simplicity itself. Heath-Peter, the illiterate father of Rosegger, substituted clover for heather in essentially the same way. "Pat" began by lowering the water-table, an operation fortunately easy in his case, then burnt the vegetation, limed the land, and added dressings of artificials (some of them open to the suspicion of superfluity). The German Emperor proceeds in much the same way with his heath land, but has the use of much more capital. Last year's President of the British Association spoke of the subject in his address, and said that the most barren heath had the potentialities of a gold-mine if the State chose to take it in hand.

But "Pat" has made a gold-mine of his three-and-sevenpenny land within a few years and without tillage, which is generally, though not always, stipulated as a part of the process. There are about thirty-two acres of land. In 1901 their gross produce was £60 a year. Now it is nearer £160, and from what few figures are given, the net produce should have increased quite in that proportion. There are eighteen cows and calves and a horse on this once poor land, now equal to English land worth £2 an acre. A Dane would scarcely do twice as well. "Pat" has done no better, because it is his creed to show his neighbors what they can do without any very radical departure from their own methods of grass farming with a little bit of tillage. With the help of the Department's bull, equally at the disposal of all, he has evolved a very useful type of cow. Three of them are bringing up twenty-one calves, and his hints on the rearing of these rather tender creatures make one of the most useful and hopeful chapters in the book. How many farmers, for instance, take the trouble to house their young cattle by day, and let them graze at night during the fly season? Thirteen rods of straw-berries pay the purchase price of the whole farm, £5 13s. 10d. a year. Mangolds are fifty tons to the acre, and potatoes twelve tons. Hay reaches in two cuttings the splendid weight of "three to four tons to the acre," and oats yield "at a like rate."

Thus has "Pat" labored for Ireland, and it cannot be seen that he has very much to grumble at with regard to the results. Five years having passed since the conversion of heather to clover began, some of the neighbors "are beginning to move." The experiment cost not less than £3 an acre on three-and-sevenpenny land, and they were justified in waiting to see how it turned out.

"Pat" himself did not move till he was safe under a land-purchase contract. His enemies say that he planted heather there in order to get the purchase annuity so low, that he borrows cattle and even gates when the little farm is going to be inspected, and many other things. "Pat" recites these slanders with glee. They only show what a mean little thing the Mayo mind is, when cut off from the civilizing influence of the Strand.

Far as "Pat" has gone in the improvement of his little farm, the shock of the great war seems likely to drive him and other thinking farmers further still. The rise in the price of meat has been of very doubtful benefit to those meat producers who have to buy large quantities of proportionately advanced cattle food. "Pat" had time after the outbreak of war to double his crop of vetches, and to stop all "bag stuff" for everything on the place but a few young calves. He knows how to use rape, too, with vetches, for a succession of green food of high value through many months. This reminds us of the very productive "continuous cropping" system introduced by Sir Horace Plunkett at Kilteragh. Continuous cropping brings us close to the system of intensive farming that has made Denmark famous, and takes us almost as far from "Pat" as "Pat" is from his Mayo neighbors. Knowledge of a better agriculture is easy enough to get nowadays. The brain that is needed on the farm is simply the faith that converts theory into fact.

Short Studies.

WITH THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

A NORTH-EAST *haar* had hung the city with a pall of grey. It gave an air of hardness to the stone-built houses, blending them with the stone-paved streets, till you could scarce see where the houses ended and the street began. A thin grey dust hung in the air. It colored everything, and people's faces all looked grey with the first touch of autumn cold. The wind, boisterous and gusty, whisked the soot-grimed city leaves about in the high suburb at the foot of a long range of hills, making one think it would be easy to have done with life on such an uncongenial day. Tramways were packed with people of the working class, all of them of the alert, quick-witted type only to be seen in the great city on the Clyde, in all our Empire, and comparable alone to the dwellers in Chicago for dry vivacity.

By the air they wore of chastened pleasure, all those who knew them saw that they were intent upon a funeral. To serious minded men such as are they, for all their quickness, nothing is so soul-filling, for it is of the nature of a fact that no one can deny. A wedding has its possibilities, for it may lead to children, or divorce, but funerals are in another category. At them the Scottish people is at its best, for never more than then does the deep underlying tenderness peep through the hardness of the rind. On foot and in the tramways, but most especially on foot, long lines of men and women, though fewer women, for the national prejudice that in years gone by thought it not decent for a wife to follow to the grave her husband's coffin, still holds a little in the north. Yet there was something in the crowd that showed it was to attend no common funeral, that they were "stepping west." No one wore black, except a minister or two, who looked a little like the belated rook you sometimes see amongst a flock of seagulls, in that vast ocean of grey tweed.

They tramped along, the whistling north-east wind pinching their features, making their eyes run, and as they went, almost unconsciously they fell into procession, for beyond the tramway line, a country lane that had not quite put on the graces of a street, though straggling

houses were dotted here and there along it, received the crowd and marshalled it, as it were mechanically, without volition of its own. Kept in between the walls, and blocked in front by the hearse and long procession of the mourning coaches, the people slowly surged along. The greater portion of the crowd were townsmen, but there were miners washed and in their Sunday best, their faces showed the blue marks of healed-up scars into which coal dust or gunpowder had become tattooed, scars gained in the battle of their lives down in the pits, remembrances of falls of rock or of occasions when the mine had "fired upon them."

Many had known Keir Hardie in his youth, had "wrocht wi' him" out-by, at Blantyre, at Hamilton, in Ayrshire, and all of them had heard him speak a hundred times. Even to those who had not heard him, his name was as a household word. Miners predominated, but men of every trade were there. Many were members of that black-coated proletariat, whose narrow circumstances and daily struggle for appearances make their life harder to them, than is the life of any working men before he has had to dye his hair. Women tramped, too, for the dead leader had been a champion of their sex. They all respected him, loving him with that half-contemptuous gratitude that women often show to men who make the "woman question" the object of their lives.

After the Scottish fashion at a funeral, greetings were freely passed, and Reid, who hadna' seen his friend Mackinder since the time of the Mid-Lanark fight, greeted him with "Ye mind when first Keir Hardie was puttin' up for Parliament," and wrung his hand, hardened in the mine, with one as hardened, and instantly began to recall elections of the past.

"Ye mind yon Wishaw meeting?"

"Ay, ou aye; ye mean when a' they Irish wouldna' hear John Ferguson. Man, he almost grat after the meeting aboot it."

"Aye, but they gied Hardie himself a maist respectful hearing . . . aye, ou aye."

Others remembered him a boy, and others in his home at Cumnock, but all spoke of him with affection, holding him as something of their own, apart from other politicians, almost apart from men.

Old comrades who had been with him either at this election or that meeting, had helped or had intended to have helped at the crises of his life, fought their old battles over, as they tramped along, all shivering in the wind.

The procession reached a long dip in the road, and the head of it, full half-a-mile away, could be seen grouping themselves beside the hearse, outside the chapel of the crematorium, whose ominous tall chimney, through which the ashes, and perchance the souls of thousands have escaped towards some empyrean or another, towered up starkly. At last all had arrived, and the small open space was crowded, the hearse and carriages appearing stuck amongst the people, like raisins in a cake, so thick they pressed upon them. The chapel, differing from the ordinary chapel of the faiths as much as does a motor driver from a cabman, had an air as of modernity about it, which contrasted strangely with the ordinary looking crowd, the adjacent hills, the decent mourning coaches and the black-coated undertakers who bore the coffin up the steps. Outside, the wind whistled and swayed the soot-stained trees about; but inside the chapel the heat was stifling.

When all was duly done, and long exordiums passed upon the man who in his life had been the target for the abuse of press and pulpit, the coffin slid away to its appointed place. One thought one heard the roaring of the flames, and somehow missed the familiar lowering of the body . . . earth to earth . . . to which the centuries of use and wont have made us all familiar, though dust to dust in this case was the more appropriate.

In either case, the book is closed for ever, and the familiar face is seen no more.

So standing just outside the chapel in the cold, waiting till all the usual greetings had been exchanged, I fell a musing on the man whom I had known so well.

I saw him as he was thirty years ago, outlined against a bing or standing in a quarry in some mining village, and heard his once familiar address of "Men." He used no other in those days, to the immense disgust of legislators and other worthy but unimaginative men whom he might chance to meet. About him seemed to stand a shadowy band, most of whom now are dead or lost to view, or have gone under in the fight.

John Ferguson was there, the old-time Irish leader, the friend of Davitt and of Butt. Tall and erect he stood, dressed in his long frock coat, his roll of papers in one hand, and with the other stuck into his breast, with all the air of being the last Roman left alive. Tom Mann, with his black hair, his flashing eyes, and his tumultuous speech peppered with expletives. Beside him, Sandy Haddow, of Parkhead, massive and Doric in his speech, with a grey woollen comforter rolled round his neck, and hands like panels of a door. Champion, pale, slight, and interesting, still the artillery officer, in spite of Socialism. John Burns, and Small, the miners' agent, with his close brown beard and taste for literature. Smillie stood near, he of the seven elections, and then check-weigher at a pit, either at Cadzow or Larkhall. There, too, was silver-tongued Shaw Maxwell and Chisholm Robertson, looking out darkly on the world through tinted spectacles; with him Bruce Glasier, girt with a red sash and with an aureole of fair, curly hair, around his head, half-poet and half-revolutionary.

They were all young and ardent, and as I mused upon them and their fate, and upon those of them who have gone down into the oblivion that waits for those who live before their time, I shivered in the wind.

Had he, too, lived in vain, he whose scant ashes were no doubt by this time all collected in an urn, and did they really represent all that remained of him?

Standing amongst the band of shadowy comrades I had known, I saw him, simple and yet with something of the prophet in his air, and something of the seer. Effective and yet ineffectual, something there was about him that attracted little children to him, and I should think lost dogs. He made mistakes, but then those who make no mistakes seldom make anything. His life was one long battle, so it seemed to me that it was fitting that at his funeral the north-east wind should howl amongst the trees, tossing and twisting them as he himself was twisted and storm-tossed in his tempestuous passage through the world.

As the crowd moved away, and in the hearse and mourning coaches, the spavined horses limped slowly down the road, a gleam of sunshine, such as had shone too little in his life, lighted up everything.

The swaying trees, and dark, grey houses of the ugly suburb of the town, were all transfigured for a moment. The chapel door was closed, and from the chimney of the crematorium a faint blue smoke was issuing, which, by degrees, faded into the atmosphere, just as the soul for all I know, may melt into the air.

When the last stragglers had gone, and bits of paper scurried uneasily along before the wind, the world seemed empty, with nothing friendly in it, but the shoulder of Ben Lomond peeping out shyly over the Kilpatrick Hills.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

Letters to the Editor.

APPROACHES TO PEACE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Hobson's letter last Saturday was a voice crying in the wilderness; but it may console him to remember that a voice crying in the wilderness was the herald of Redemption. I cannot tell how many there are in England who wish that they had written that letter, but I know I do. Surely, if all who agree with Mr. Hobson would speak out they might make it clear to the enemy that, in

spite of the screams and the violence of the ignorant, which find too ready expression in the Press, our country and its responsible Government have never indulged in idle dreams, or sanctioned the wild and whirling words. It may have been considered necessary to use strong language and to paint lurid pictures in order to stimulate recruiting; but the settled purpose of Great Britain is not expressed by the vague term "to crush Prussian militarism," a term which has a totally different meaning from that which floats before the eyes of those who use it, but by the perfectly plain phrase: "to restore the autonomy of Belgium and the integrity of French territory"; to which has been added, by the aggression of the enemy in the East, "and the integrity of Russian territory."

That is to say, directly Germany evacuates France, Belgium, and Russia, our Government is prepared to discuss the terms of peace.

I cannot tell whether the majority of our people, inflamed by articles which they read in the daily papers, would accede to this position; but our responsible leaders, and those who can bring the "daylight" to illuminate the facts, and therefore decline to dwell in the region of illusions, mean exactly what was said from the beginning: "We took up arms not to gain anything for ourselves; we knew that there was nothing for us to gain. We took up arms, from a sense of honor, to secure the independence of Belgium; from a sense of chivalry, to save France from invasion and disintegration."

When our object is achieved we shall lay down our arms, though not before. But the vague object, inflamed by the outrages which Germany has perpetrated on International Law and our common humanity, the highly desirable object, to crush Prussian militarism, is not and cannot be the *casus belli*, or the end to be gained before peace can be signed. Who could ever say when Prussian militarism was crushed? If the Allies were at Berlin, if the Kaiser were deposed, and his fleet destroyed, results which are not by any means in sight, there would be no guarantee that militarism would be crushed. Experience rather tends to show that the crushed nation would live only for revenge; and all Europe would have to remain armed to the teeth to repress the resurgent Power.

Directly we attempt to think the matter out, and to face the obvious facts of the situation, we find that Prussian militarism will be crushed when it finds that it is not only a costly but an ineffective instrument for attaining the object which Germany has in view. Germany has only to realize that after forty-five years of unceasing military preparation, and concentrated attention upon military and naval matters, she strikes her blow and fails, and she will use her intelligence to secure her national integrity and expansion by other means. She will have failed, if, after sacrificing her million lives, ruining her trade, and losing her colonies, she is obliged to withdraw within her own borders, leaving France unmutated, and Belgium and Poland free.

The limit of our objective is therefore plain, and if we would confine ourselves to seeking it, and would refuse to countenance the ravings of irresponsible voices, we should reach the end more quickly and more securely. If Germany could certainly know what that end is, and could be convinced of the moderation which accompanies our settled purpose, and of the sincerity of our endeavor to secure an International State in which the conflict of armaments would be unnecessary, she would in all probability be eager to restore peace by surrendering her frustrated plans.

On the other hand, so long as she thinks that the aim of the Allies is to crush, to dismember, to obliterate her from the family of European nations—and such might be taken to be their aim if exclusive attention were paid to the dull blusterers of the Press—she will naturally stand with her back to the wall, determined not to yield while an adult male is left to fire a gun, and while a deluded public will accept her paper notes as the equivalent on unexhausted wealth.

Mr. Hobson, therefore, as it seems to me, is not only the prophet of peace, but the only effectual advocate of crushing Prussian militarism.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT F. HORTON.

Cheils, Hampstead. October 22nd, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I suggest that there is a slight tone of bitterness about Mr. Hobson's valuable contribution to the discussion of this subject, which detracts from its cogency? It is not only calmness of thought we require, but a careful balancing of the factors involved, and it is difficult to think Mr. Hobson would, on further consideration, maintain his view on attrition as the correct one. In fact, the word has been so frequently used that its use has long passed, and it survives only as a danger. This is shown by the fact that not only Mr. Hobson is at fault, but also the writer of the article "Attrition." He states that when a war of attrition is pursued to a finish "you have—for a generation at least—almost destroyed a nation." This would be true, of course, if we were not still in the era of the war of samples, so far as effectives is concerned. It is only morally that a whole nation fights. It would probably take more years than the economic condition of any country of to-day could bear to destroy even half the manhood of Germany, and if this war should last another year the losses—terrible as they must be—would not have sufficiently thinned the German nation to still her cry for expansion as a necessity.

Mr. Hobson's use of the word is more gravely improper. "Attrition," he says, "means winning, not by courage or generalship, but by superiority of numbers." If he meant the sentence to be provocative, that might explain, though it could not excuse, so bitter a gibe. The proposition is incorrect, however we take it. It might be possible to maintain it if "force" were to be substituted for "numbers," for when armies fight it is not the clash of numbers. This is no mathematical problem. It is the clash of numbers of men, so armed, so trained, of such a cast of thought; and to admit so much is to realize that armies rest and depend upon a complexity of national conditions. They are the product of mental, moral, and economical states. The last factor is seen most effectively operative in the small states. There are Greeks already demanding the demobilization of their army on account of the nation's financial inability to support it mobilized any longer. Attrition has no meaning in connection with war unless it expresses the wearing down of a nation's *force* by a greater; and perhaps I may remind Mr. Hobson that it is the aim of every general to conquer by superior force—at the decisive point. So that while it is true that the Germans defeated the French in 1870 by numbers, they defeated them also by generalship. The terms are not exclusive. Neither are the terms courage and numbers exclusive. Indeed, numbers without courage and generalship would be useless.

And this suggests at once the gravest fault of the proposition—its ignorance of history. When we state that the present war *had to be* a war of attrition we mean that Germany started with more of her total force available. This includes men, munitions, and money. The fact that we have now held out a year without defeat implies that we met the German armies at a disadvantage, and were not beaten. And this further implies both courage and generalship. Attrition, therefore, may mean no more than holding out so long until the enemy has lost so much of his total force that we are *equal to him* in all the elements of his remaining force. It certainly does not mean "pitting numbers against the science of Germany." There is probably more science on the Allied side than on that of the enemy; but, again inevitably, the nature of the war has brought it about that by the time that the Allies began to find themselves approaching equality with the enemy the latter has had time to fortify his position by a system of redoubts the reduction of which makes heavy calls on the Allied force—not numbers necessarily. The problem which confronts the Allies to-day is vastly different, vastly more formidable, than that which the Germans had to face in August, 1914.

When Mr. Hobson says conquest by attrition may take several years he is quite right, taking the term to mean, as the writer of the article on "Attrition" suggests, the destruction of "a nation." But if he realizes, as it seems impossible he should not, that this is not a blackboard mathematical problem but the struggle of nations, and that from the nature of the case this involves a complexity of conditions—about one of the most essential of which Mr. Hobson knows more than I can pretend to—then it will be

a wonderful thing if the war persists for a year, almost a miracle if it should persist for two. With the general aim of Mr. Hobson's article I am quite in sympathy; but he will secure no patient hearing if he bases his position on the assumption that the Allies are bankrupt of courage and generalship, and have to depend on mere numbers.—Yours, &c.,

H. C. O'NEILL.

October 17th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Perhaps one of the most general criticisms of Mr. J. A. Hobson's letter in this week's NATION will be that a Germany undefeated would be a standing menace to the peace of Europe. The accompanying extract from the late W. E. Hall's "International Law" provides reasonable ground for the hope that this will not prove to be the case. Is it unfair to suppose that a prophecy that has been so far fulfilled in the breaking of international conventions will be no less fulfilled in its hopeful outlook for the future? At any rate, it is worth noting that Professor Hall himself seems to have been more confident of the fulfilment of the later part of his prophecy than of the earlier part.—Yours, &c.,

HORACE G. ALEXANDER.

3, Mayfield Road, Tunbridge Wells.

October 16th, 1915.

At the end of the preface he turns to the future of International Law, and points out that the indications were conflicting; the extent and scope of International Law were growing apace, whilst, on the other hand, doubts were rife as to the capacity of this new law to stand the strain of modern war; he proceeds:—

"Both sets of indications seem to me to point truly. Looking back over the last couple of centuries we see international law at the close of each fifty years in a more solid position than that which it occupied at the beginning of the period. Progressively it has taken firmer hold, it has extended its sphere of operation, it has ceased to trouble itself about trivial formalities, it has more and more dared to grapple in detail with the fundamental facts in the relations of States. The area within which it reigns beyond dispute has in that time infinitely enlarged, and it has been greatly enlarged within the memory of living man. But it would be idle to pretend that this progress has gone on without check. In times when wars have been both long and bitter, in moments of revolutionary passion, on occasions when temptation and opportunity of selfishness on the part of neutrals have been great, men have fallen back into disregard of law and even into true lawlessness. And it would be idle also to pretend that Europe is not now in great likelihood moving towards a time at which the strength of international law will be too hardly tried. Probably in the next great war the questions which have accumulated during the last half-century and more, will all be given their answers at once. Some hates, moreover, will crave for satisfaction; much envy and greed will be at work; but above all, and at the bottom of all, there will be the hard sense of necessity. Whole nations will be in the field; the commerce of the world may be on the sea to win or lose; national existences will be at stake; men will be tempted to do anything which will shorten hostilities and tend to a decisive issue. Conduct in the next great war will certainly be hard; it is very doubtful if it will be scrupulous, whether on the part of belligerents or neutrals; and most likely the next war will be great. But there can be very little doubt that if the next war is unscrupulously waged, it also will be followed by a reaction towards increased stringency of law. In a community, as in an individual, passionate excess is followed by a reaction of lassitude and to some extent of conscience. On the whole the collective seems to exert itself in this way more surely than the individual conscience; and in things within the scope of international law, conscience, if it works less impulsively, can at least work more freely than in home affairs. Continuing temptation ceases with the war. At any rate, it is a matter of experience that times in which international law has been seriously disregarded, have been followed by periods in which the European conscience has done penance by putting itself under straighter obligations than those which it before acknowledged. There is no reason to suppose that things will be otherwise in the future. I therefore look forward with much misgiving to the manner in which the next great war will be waged, but with no misgiving at all as to the character of the rules which will be acknowledged ten years after its termination, by comparison with the rules now considered to exist.

"August 1st, 1889."

This preface has been reprinted in subsequent editions.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Amongst the many great services which you are rendering this country, may I mention one:—

The publication, in your issue of the 16th, of the letter of Mr. J. A. Hobson, headed "Approaches to Peace," with every word of which I, and many others, agree.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD LUFTON.

7, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

October 18th, 1915.

LIBERALISM AND THE WAR

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is supposed to be a party truce. It is well to examine whether this is leading the Liberal Party—the party who returned Mr. Asquith to power at the last two elections, and have kept him in power—until on his own initiative and practically as an act of autocracy he dispensed with certain members of his Cabinet, and allied with himself in the government of the country the leaders of the party to whose principles and practices we as Liberals are most opposed.

Loyalty to the Prime Minister has led us to acquiesce in this. Loyalty to the Prime Minister has led us to overlook the fact that we were kept in ignorance of the foreign policy of the Government, which policy has brought us into participation in this war.

We have not protested against the appointment of Sir Edward Carson, that staunch upholder of law and order in Ireland, to the position of chief upholder of law and order in England. We have not protested against flagrant attacks on the freedom of speech and of the press, against the prosecution of small people, against gross licence allowed to others. Trials *in camera*—the evil that walks in darkness—have been accepted without demur.

We have seen under the Munitions Act compulsion for workers, but very tender dealing for employers. We have listened to Mr. Lloyd George's strictures on workers, his charges of drunkenness and slackness (much resented and mostly disproved), while we close our eyes to the fact that the drink trade has been allowed to increase its turnover last year by eight million pounds.

Every Liberal Cabinet has stood for Free Trade, but the first Budget of the Coalition Government shows an instalment of Tariff Reform—a break in principle, a futile and unprofitable concession to the tariff-mongers in the Cabinet, however much this may be denied.

Under the party truce we are now asked to hold our peace while principles we have held sacred are violated, while conscriptionists in papers and on platforms din into our ears their policy of forcing a man, willy-nilly, to kill and be killed, and belittle in every way possible the magnificent achievement of raising a three million voluntary army, and our national contribution of money, munitions, and a paramount navy besides. We are not to speak, though we believe that conscription will break up probably not only the Government, but the general unity of the country.

Advocates of all retrograde measures are loudly vocal, while to protest against what one bitterly resents may bring one within the provisions of the Defence of the Realm Act. We go to war professedly to fight for freedom, and are rapidly introducing industrial and military slavery here. Industrial compulsion is already here; if military compulsion follows it will be the greatest victory our Prussian enemies have won. Mr. Asquith is indispensable—admittedly indispensable—but he must be true to those of the rank and file who have helped to place and maintain him where he is.

As things are going, there will be, when the war is over, only two parties—one defending and advocating still more retrograde measures, the other fighting to recover the liberties we shall have lost. There will be no Liberal Party as we have known it. It is abdicating its birthright; it will have lost its soul.

It is pusillanimously leaving the fight for freedom to the trade unions and the Socialists. It will have committed suicide—and it will have deserved its fate.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN R. TOMLINSON.

Ryefield, Knutsford, October 19th, 1915.

THE WAR AND CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Miss Durham's striking letter in your last issue asks: "What did the 'conversion' (i.e., of whole tribes and districts) as a rule mean?" The answer is well given by Dr. Arnold, who wrote in 1827 of the "pretended conversion of the kingdoms of the world to the Kingdom of Christ in the fourth and fifth centuries, which I look upon as one of the greatest *tours d'adresse* that Satan ever played.

I mean that by inducing kings and nations to conform nominally to Christianity, and then to get into their hands the direction of Christian society, he has in a great measure succeeded in keeping out the peculiar principles of that society from any extended sphere of operation, and in assuring the ascendancy of his own." See Stanley's "Life of Dr. Arnold," 7th edition, p. 39.—Yours, &c.,

A. F.

Failand, October 19th, 1915.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Solicitor-General, replying to Sir William Byles on October 12th, made an important statement on the secret judicial proceedings under the Defence of the Realm Act. He said that, so far as he could ascertain, the names of persons to be tried and the charges against them were stated in open court, except in cases of espionage. This statement may be technically correct, but it is a fact that in the still unfinished series of cases at the Mansion House, orders for the destruction of some half-dozen pamphlets and an author's manuscript have been made (and presumably executed) without the names of the authors or owners having ever been mentioned in open court. A technical justification of Sir F. E. Smith's statement may be found in the peculiar provisions of Regulation 51a, which enables the Crown lawyers to bring charges against documents instead of against persons. One does not like to think that the Solicitor-General was quibbling; one would rather suppose that he was not fully informed.

He went on to say that it was in his opinion essential that the titles of publications which counsel for the Crown asked should be destroyed should not be made public, and he believed that was the practice. It certainly does appear to be the practice at the Mansion House, where no titles of publications have yet been stated openly. At Salford, however, the stipendiary not only announced his decision in public, even in the undefended cases, but mentioned each publication by name and gave his reasons for condemning or releasing it. Secrecy is growing upon us.

One result is that the procedure becomes less like that of a court of justice and more like that of a censorship. The Crown lawyers and the magistrate together perform the functions of a censor, dealing with matter intended for publication as well as matter actually published. They allow the author or owner to remonstrate (which a censor usually does not), but they deprive him of the only possible guarantee that his remonstrances will receive any real attention. If the courts do the work of a censor, they will make the mistakes and acquire the reputation of a censor. None but the bitterest enemy of British institutions could desire such a calamity as that.

After the Solicitor-General's answer, Mr. Peto asked: "Will my right hon. friend consider whether it would not be a good thing to publish an expurgated account of some of the statements contained in these pamphlets, so that the public should know the poisonous and treacherous nature of these things which have been destroyed?"

Obviously, Mr. Peto has no manner of doubt that the pamphlets are treacherous and poisonous; that outside the coterie which has been reading them the great public would be deeply shocked if it knew their contents, and that its indignation would redound to the shame and confusion of the authors. But can anybody suppose that the Solicitor-General and the other contrivers of secrecy are of the same opinion?—Yours, &c.,

S. V. BRACHER.

28, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.
October 18th, 1915.

STARVING EDUCATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The sympathetic and interesting letter of "A Woman School Manager" insists on the necessity and duty of strengthening the teaching staffs of elementary schools at the present moment, but no suggestion is given of how this is to be done with the diminishing material at the country's disposal. If the crisis is acute in elementary schools, it is doubly so in the public schools, where I believe the percentage of masters who have joined the Services is considerably greater. I have no figures to prove this, and am open to correction. Why the crisis is doubly acute in a public schools is because the government of these schools is partially in the hands of monitors and prefects, and in all the boarding schools at any rate, the bigger boys have joined the Services in one way or another, and boys, who are hardly fit for such responsibility, now find themselves in positions of great trust. I believe for the most part they have made definite efforts to rise to the occasion, but undoubtedly more supervision and alertness are demanded from the ordinary assistant master. Again, in the Officers' Training Corps, the Sergeant Instructor has gone, and many officers also, so that an enormous amount of extra work, knowledge, and training is required from those left at the school. These, by the way, are in no sense protected by the wearing of a uniform or badge in the holidays, although they hold Territorial commissions, and are under War Office orders.

I think, then, that it is obvious that the supply of masters at the present crisis is not equal to the demand—unequal both in quality and quantity. Is there a remedy? In the elementary schools far more teaching could be undertaken by the headmaster, who is often relegated to the position of a supervisor. Sometimes he has assistant supervisors. Why not have one district supervisor over several schools, and allow the children to have the benefit of presumably the best teachers in the school?

Secondly, could not the Board of Education for the present year reduce the number of forms which have to be entered up and returned to them? Lastly, I believe that the teachers in elementary schools could do more in out-of-school hours. When I select assistant masters for my own school I frankly tell them that the schoolmaster's life begins when hours for recreation begin, and none have as yet broken down through the extra strain of continued companionship with the boys. In term time I expect to be busy from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., and then have some time for private reading. Is it not possible for more teachers in the elementary schools to perform some of these "out-of-school" duties, and so the excellent work of the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides might be made more general? I cannot help thinking with "A Woman School Manager" that this voluntary work on behalf of teachers would do much to render the present crisis in the educational world less serious.—Yours, &c.,

A HEADMASTER.

York. October 16th, 1915.

THE LATE MR. ALFRED W. BENN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Benn's friends will no doubt be grateful to "Vernon Lee" for many things in the spirited picture of his life at Florence which she gives in your issue of October 9th. I should like, however, to add a word on one side of his personality which to many of us was perhaps the most delightful and stimulating of all.

After thirteen years of intercourse, nothing stands out so clearly in my recollection of him as the fire of enthusiasm for humane studies which colored all his thought, and, in fact, governed his life. And, if there was one branch of learning for which more than for another he cherished this enthusiasm, it was the study of poetry. So it was true poetry, he cared not in what language it was written, or in what epoch. In long walks through the Fiesole woods and valleys, such as "Vernon Lee" describes, whenever the talk fell on poetry, he would often illustrate the point under discussion by quoting some passage in full, whether from Homer or Vergil, or the Psalms, or Shakespeare, or Milton, or Calderon, or Goethe, or Shelley, or Keats, or Wordsworth, or some still more modern poet, including even those of the youngest generation, like Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie.

Of many days spent in his company, I can recall few which did not afford at least some glimpse at the wealth of his poetic memory. Philosopher and historian as he was, he lived continually in the world of poets; yet his rich Irish humor and keen taste always kept his quotation or allusion within the limits, and in the tone, of the conversation round him. More than one guest in his house remembers, as crowning points of their privilege, the moments when Mr. Benn was moved to quote some favorite poem. At such times the genial and humorous patience with which, like Professor Henry Sidgwick, he would subdue an occasional stammer, seemed to add a special charm to what he said, as vouching for its entire naturalness and sincerity.

This side of his thought was perhaps the more dear to him because it was perfectly shared by the beloved and accomplished lady who mourns his loss, and to whose devoted care are owed, in all human probability, the last twenty years of his life. If Mr. Benn could be here to write this letter, he would have begun and continued and ended it by attributing to the influence of her companionship the radiant sanity and cheerfulness that marked all his later years.

Your readers, perhaps, will be interested to see two paragraphs from a letter he wrote last year *apropos* of the report of a lecture on Horace which had been sent to him:—

"I am much inclined to agree with the remark that poetry may change the character of past events and give them a bearing on the future they would not otherwise have had. But I, as a Hellenist, feel disposed to credit Greek influence on Rome with the whole of that beneficent action that you claim for Vergil and Horace. To put the idea strongly, I should say the Greek philosophers of the Hellenistic period *invented* Rome—i.e., the Rome of the post-Pyrrhic period, as indeed some critics make Greek historians responsible for the whole pre-Pyrrhic history. The *Roma sibi permissa* showed what her notions of civilizing conquest were by destroying Carthage and Corinth. And I suppose it is generally admitted since Maine's 'Ancient Law' that the Imperial jurisprudence is a Stoic creation."

Mr. Benn wrote me many times on this point, to which he attached importance, viz., the thorough-going Stoicism which is to be traced in the Sixth Book of the *Æneid* and, indeed, in all Vergil's later work.—

"I have just been reading Plato's *Epistles* under the guidance of Hackforth's most valuable little work. They fill me with wonder, first at this, to me, new manifestation of Plato's genius, especially on the practical side; then wonder at myself for not having read them before; and, finally, wonder at the pedants—including, I am sorry to say, Jowett, who could not recognize Plato's style in *Epp.* vii. and (still more) viii. In fact, I feel very like La Fontaine after reading the prophet Baruch, that is, impelled to go about asking all my friends if they have read them."

May I conclude by expressing the hope that Mrs. Benn may be able before long to put together some memorials of the great personality that has been taken from us? There must be many friends who have treasured the letters he wrote.—Yours, &c.,

R. S. CONWAY.

Draethen, Didsbury, Manchester.
October 15th, 1915.

[We regret that, by a mistake in our Publishers' Announcements Supplement, the authorship of "The British Coal-Tar Industry" was attributed to Mr. L. Cope Cornford. The book is by a number of writers, and has been edited by Professor W. M. Gardner. Mr. Cornford's book is entitled "The Lord High Admiral and Others." Both books are published by Messrs. Williams & Norgate.]

Poetry.

THE GOODLY HERITAGE. (1915.)

In the palace of our Lord,
Wise and lovely things lay stored,
Deeply hidden, fenced about:
God made man to search them out.
There, held safe from age to age,
Slept the goodly heritage.

Soul was given him for a key
To unlock the mystery,
Heart for hope, and eyes for sight,
Hands to handle it aright:
Through the fastened gates the prize
Gleamed like peeps of Paradise.

There, to bless his future need,
He beheld new forms of speed,
Wondrous shapes in stone and steel,
Cube and curb and rounded wheel,
Steeds with fiery breath that run,
Clad in traces of the sun:

Saw thick darkness change to light,
Feet upmount equipped for flight,
Heaviest mass a lifted load,
And the world an open road,
Linking up from end to end
Man with fellow man, his friend.

In that vision blest, his eyes
Watched the coming Paradise—
City walls, whose upward span,
Statured to the scale of man,
Sheltered, amid streets of gold,
Fruits and fountains manifold.

So, for that far-distant day,
Sleep and sloth he put away:
For the gain of that great spoil,
Body and brain gave up to toil;
In the palace of his Lord,
Traced and searched and found reward.

Delving amid reefs and rocks,
He undid the magic locks;
Wealth in mine and mountain stored,
Powers that from waters poured,
One by one with eager brain,
These he picked and made his gain.

Thence, with toil from age to age,
Man brought home his heritage;
Wheresoe'er his shafts he drave,
Under wood, or wind or wave,
Thence with ministry of might
Sprang new powers of life and light.

And of all his toil set free
Now he holds the mystery:
Now to heart and hand and eyes
Comes possession of the prize;
As his brain unbinds the spell,
Opens—lo! the pit of Hell!

* * * *

Through the sundered gates, behold,
Statured to the scale of man,
Shattered streets more red than gold,
Blood where once sweet waters ran!

Under cannon-guarded walls,
Maimed and bruised with bleeding breast,
Sisyphus his burden hauls
Up to heights that bring no rest!

Scorched with fire, and scourged with steel,
Blindly into darkness hurled,
Mad Ixion spins his wheel
Round a desolated world.

Here the Tree of Life gives out
Sickness from a leprous root:
Tantalus his lips of drought
Strains toward a poisoned fruit.

Shrinks the fountain to its springs,
Vintage here lies dead and done;
Icarus has filched the wings,
Phaeton drives the sun!

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "My Childhood." By Maxim Gorki. Translated by Gertrude M. Foakes. (Laurie. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Eleftherios Venizelos." By Dr. C. Kerofilias. Translated by Beatrice Barstow. (Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "Is There a Shakespeare Problem?" By G. G. Greenwood, M.P. (Lane. 16s. net.)
 "Nietzsche and the Ideals of Modern Germany." By H. L. Stewart. (Edward Arnold. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Finland and the Finns." By Arthur Read. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "My Years at the Austrian Court." By Nellie Ryan. (Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Art of Ballet." By Mark Perugini. (Secker. 15s. net.)
 "Thomas Gainsborough." By W. T. Whitley. (Smith, Elder. 15s. net.)
 "The Story of Julia Page." By Kathleen Norria. (Murray. 6s.)

FANCY that before the war there were not many people in this country who paid much attention to Belgian literature. Maeterlinck, of course, had a great vogue, which was then declining, while Verhaeren, Rodenbach, and perhaps Camille Lemonnier found a fair number of readers. But a book such as Mr. Jethro Bithell's "Contemporary Belgian Literature," which has been published this week by Mr. Fisher Unwin, would have appealed only to the few. To-day, when so many Belgian writers are our guests, and when their work is appearing in our journals and magazines, interest, or, at any rate, curiosity, is more widespread. Mr. Bithell's book will satisfy this curiosity. I am not sure that his extracts and appreciations will convince everybody that "Belgium to-day teems with writers of merit." But Mr. Bithell at least tells us where to look. A good deal of his work is admittedly signpost criticism, and if some of his swans should turn out to be more homely birds, he is not greatly to blame. The Young Belgian writers have never been sparing in one another's praise.

MAETERLINCK, for example, first sprang into public notice through a puff which deserves to be remembered as one of the most striking examples of the art to be found in literary history. Mallarmé, who had visited Brussels and been welcomed there by the rising school, had in his study one of the thirty copies of "La Princesse Maleine," which Maeterlinck had printed on a hand-press with the aid of a friend. One day Octave Mirbeau picked up the book and asked what it was. "A masterpiece," answered Mallarmé; "read it." Mirbeau read it, and wrote a notice in the "Figaro," declaring it to be "a masterpiece which is sufficient to immortalize a name, and to make all who are hungry for the beautiful and the great rise up and call its author's name blessed."

"In short," Mirbeau concluded, "M. Maurice Maeterlinck has given us the greatest work of genius of our time, and the most extraordinary and most simple also, comparable—and shall I dare say it?—superior in beauty to whatever is most beautiful in Shakespeare. This work is called 'La Princesse Maleine.' Are there in all the world twenty persons who know it? I doubt it."

This was written in the eighteen-nineties, when the discovery of fresh Shakespeares, Norwegian, Danish, Hungarian, and others, was a thriving industry, and Maeterlinck at once became the topic of literary conversation as "the Belgian Shakespeare."

ONE of the things that strikes me, after reading Mr. Bithell's book, is the many points of resemblance and contrast between the literary movement of the last dozen years in Belgium and that in Ireland. Both have been profoundly modified by the fact that literary activity finds expression in two languages which exist side by side, and that many of the writers are bi-lingual. What England, with its literary traditions and its readers and publishers, is to Ireland, France is to Belgium, and the Irish tongue has had an influence on Irish writers of English, very similar to that which Flemish has had on Belgian writers of French. The dialect of French known as "le parler Belge," to be found in such books as Courouble's "La

Famille Kaekebroeck," and the humor of Wicheler and Franson's comedy, "Le Mariage de Mademoiselle Beulemans," have their parallels in Synge and Lady Gregory. Some of Yeats's and Maeterlinck's dramas belong to the same category, and George Moore's novels often resemble Lemonnier's in their choice of theme. Further, in both movements there is a certain amount of anti-clericalism, combined with a feeling for the poetical beauty of Catholic creed and practice. And, finally, the motto of Lemonnier's "Nos Flamands," and the battle-cry of the Belgians who fought for a national literature—"Nous-mêmes ou périr"—is almost a translation of the Irish "Sinn Féin"—"Ourselves alone."

BUT the points of contrast are just as marked as those of resemblance. One of the most noticeable is that, except Mr. George Moore, contemporary Irish writers are very little concerned with sex. The Belgians, on the other hand, are obsessed by the subject, and treat it with a coarseness that is often obscene. Verhaeren, Lemonnier, and George Eekhoud, have all been prosecuted for their writings, while the books of several others are such that English translations are quite impossible. "We must expect," says Mr. Bithell, "to find in Flemish literature what we find in Flemish painting—brutality and violence"; and he attempts to justify some of these writers by saying that they have only done in prose what Jordaens and Rubens and other artists did on canvas. Yet even his tolerance can find little to say in defence of some of the Young Belgian School. A play which he describes as "far and away the best comedy in Belgian literature" cannot be produced on the stage because of its risky character, and one of the leading Belgian novelists who writes in Flemish "would make Zola blush."

ADAPTING one of Balzac's phrases, Mr. Bithell says that the difference between the literature written by Walloons and that written by Flemings is that the former is a literature of ideas, while the latter is one of images.

"The Walloons think; the Flemings paint. The Walloons are logicians, masters of the correct outline; the Flemings are dreamers and colorists. The Walloons have produced no realists of distinction, for they are too speculative and selective for that form of art; the Flemings, with their ideal of matter magnified, have flung themselves into realism and out-Zolaed Zola, but their realism is almost always a dream-realism, in which dirt itself ferments with poetry. The play of fancy, the scintillation of ideas of the Walloons is opposed by the monumental vision, the glowing ecstasy of the Flemings. On the one side, philosophy; on the other, mysticism."

How far the French of the Walloon writers is influenced by their environment is a difficult question. A Parisian critic, with whom I have discussed the matter, tells me that there is something even in those Belgian writers who aim at writing the French of Paris that distinguishes them from their French colleagues.

IN reading a book like Mr. Bithell's, one has always the hope that its author will tell us of some fresh writers that deserve notice. Mr. Bithell mentions a couple who sound promising. One of them is Eugène Demolder, whose novel, "La Route d'Émeraude," is classed as "one of the most brilliant novels of this century." "No other Belgian prose-writer has so brilliant a style. Perhaps there is not a more luminous colorist in any literature." Another is Edmond Glesener, a writer of the younger generation from whom much is expected. He has as yet written only three novels, "Le Cœur de François Remy," "Monsieur Honoré," and "Le Citoyen Colette," the two latter giving a satirical account of Belgian society and politics in the days before the war. Among the poets who are hardly known in this country, Mr. Bithell gives his highest praise to Charles van Lerberghe. Remy de Gourmont compared Lerberghe's "La Chanson d'Eve" with Rossetti's poetry, and Mr. Bithell says that it is "the purest work of poetry in Belgian literature." "There is not a line," he adds, "which could be rendered in verse; there is not a stanza which could even approximately be translated into any language." I must say that the renderings in English verse which Mr. Bithell prints confirm this latter verdict.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

MR. YEATS'S POETRY.

"W. B. Yeats: A Critical Study." By FORREST REID.
(Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is distinctly surprising to find Mr. Yeats compared to Milton and Jeremy Taylor, and Mr. Reid, who makes the comparison, does not ask us to apply it at all points. There is a remoteness about Milton's genius, however, an austere and rarefied beauty, to which Mr. Reid discovers certain likenesses in the work of Mr. Yeats. Mr. Yeats is certainly a little remote. He is so remote that some people regard his work with mixed feelings, as a rather uncanny thing. Mr. Reid is probably right when he says that in most cases people are either repelled or fascinated by it. The reason may partly be that Mr. Yeats is not a singer in the ordinary tradition of poets. His poems are incantations rather than songs. They seem to call for an order of priests and priestesses to chant them. There are one or two of his early poems, like "Down by the Sally Garden," that might conceivably be sung at a fair or even at a ballad-concert. But, as Mr. Yeats has grown older, he has become more and more determinedly the magician in his robes. Even in his prose he does not lay aside his robes; it is written in the tones of the sanctuary: it is prose for worshippers. To such an extent is this so that many who do not realize that Mr. Yeats is a great artist cannot read much of his prose without convincing themselves that he is a great humbug. It is easy to understand how readers accustomed to the respectable rationalism of the nineteenth century refused to take seriously a poet who wrote "spooky" explanations of his poems, such as Mr. Yeats wrote in his notes to "The Wind Among the Reeds," the most entirely good of his books. Consider, for example, the note which he wrote on that charming if somewhat perplexing poem, "The Jester." "I dreamed," writes Mr. Yeats:—

"I dreamed this story exactly as I have written it, and dreamed another long dream after it, trying to make out its meaning, and whether I was to write it in prose or verse. The first dream was more a vision than a dream, for it was beautiful and coherent, and gave me a sense of illumination and exaltation that one gets from visions, while the second dream was confused and meaningless. The poem has always meant a great deal to me, though, as is the way with symbolic poems, it has not always meant quite the same thing. Blake would have said, 'The authors are in eternity'; and I am quite sure they can only be questioned in dreams."

Why, even those of us who count Mr. Yeats one of the immortals while he is still alive, are inclined to shy at a claim at once so solemn and so irrational as this. It reads almost like a confession of witchcraft in an age which no longer believes in witchcraft outside Regent Street.

Luckily, Mr. Yeats's commerce with dreams and fairies and other spirits has not all been of this evidential and disputable kind. His confessions do not convince us of his magical experiences, but his poems do. Here we have the true narrative of fairyland, the true initiation into other-worldly beauty. Here we have the magician crying out against

"All things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and old," and attempting to invoke a new, or an old, and more beautiful world into being.

"The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told," he cries, and over against the unshapely earth he sets up the "happy townland" of which he sings in one of his later and most lovely poems. It would not be easy to write a prose paraphrase of "The Happy Townland," but who is there who can permanently resist the spell of this poem, especially of the first verse and its refrain?—

"There's many a strong farmer
Whose heart would break in two,
If he could see the townland
That we are riding to;
Boughs have their fruit and blossom
At all times of the year;

Rivers are running over
With red beer and brown beer.
An old man plays the bagpipes
In a golden and silver wood;
Queens, their eyes blue like the ice,
Are dancing in a crowd.

"The little fox he murmured,
'O what of the world's bane?'
The sun was laughing sweetly,
The moon plucked at my rein;
But the little red fox murmured,
'O, do not pluck at his rein,
He is riding to the townland
That is the world's bane.'"

You may interpret the little red fox and the sun and the moon as you please, but is it not all as beautiful as the ringing of bells?

But Mr. Yeats, in his desire for this other world of color and music, is no hater of the everyday earth. His early poems especially, as Mr. Reid points out, give evidence of a wandering observation of Nature almost Wordsworthian. In "The Stolen Child," which tells of a human child that is enticed away by the fairies, the magic of the earth the child is leaving is the means by which Mr. Yeats suggests to us the magic of the world into which it is going, as in the last verse of the poem:—

"Away with us he's going,
The solemn eyed:
He'll hear no more the lowing
Of the calves on the warm hillside;
Or the kettle on the hob
Sing peace into his breast,
Or see the brown mice bob
Round and round the oatmeal-chest.
For he comes, the human child,
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
From a world more full of weeping than he can
understand."

There is no painting here, no adjective-work. But no painting or adjectives could better suggest all that the world and the loss of the world mean in this instance than this brief collection of simple things. Mr. Reid, in our opinion, is inclined to overpraise this poem as he is inclined to overpraise "The Land of Heart's Desire." But to read it is to realize both that Mr. Yeats brought a new and delicate music into literature and that his genius had its birth in a sense of the beauty of common things. Even when in his early poems the adjectives seem to be chosen with the too delicate care of an artist, as when he notes of how—

"in autumnal solitudes
Arise the leopard-colored trees,"

his observation of the world about him is but proved the more conclusively. The trees in autumn are leopard-colored, though a poet cannot say so without becoming dangerously ornamental.

What we have written, however, might convey the impression that in Mr. Yeats's poetry we have a child's rather than a man's vision at work. One might even gather that he was a passionless singer with his head in the moon. This is exactly the misunderstanding which has led many people to think of him as a minor poet. The world has not yet sufficiently realized how deep is the passion that has given shape to his verse. "The Wind Among the Reeds" is a book of love-poetry quite unlike all other books of love-poetry. It utters the same moods of triumph in the beloved's beauty, of despair, of desire, of boastfulness of the poet's immortality, that we find in the love-poetry of many ages. But here are new images, almost a new language. Sometimes we have an image which fills the mind like the image in some little Chinese lyric, as in the poem "He Reproves the Curlew":—

"O, curlew, cry no more in the air,
Or only to the waters of the West;
Because your crying brings to my mind
Passion-dimmed eyes and long heavy hair
That was shaken out over my breast:
There is enough evil in the crying of the wind."

This passion of loss, this sense of the beloved as of something secret and far and scarcely to be attained, like the Holy Grail, is the dominant theme of the poems, even in "The

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Song of Wandering Aengus," that poem of almost playful beauty, which tells of the "little silver trout" that became

"— a glimmering girl
With apple blossom in her hair,
Who called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air."

What a sense of long pursuit, of a life's quest, we get in the exquisite last verse—a verse which must be among the best-known of Mr. Yeats's writings after "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" and "Had I the Heaven's Embroidered Cloths":—

"Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun."

This is the magic of fairyland again. It seems a little distant from human passions. It is a wonderful example, however, of Mr. Yeats's genius for transforming passion into magical beauty. The passion is at once deeper and nearer human experience in the later poem which is called "The Folly of Being Comforted":—

"One that is ever kind said yesterday:
'Your well-beloved's hair has threads of grey,
And little shadows come about her eyes;
Time can but make it easier to be wise,
Though now it's hard, till trouble is at an end;
And so be patient, be wise and patient, friend.'
But, heart, there is no comfort, not a grain;
Time can but make her beauty over again,
Because of that great nobleness of hers;
The fire that stirs about her, when she stirs,
Burns but more clearly. O, she had not these ways,
When all the wild summer was in her gaze.
O heart! O heart! if she'd but turn her head,
You'd know the folly of being comforted."

We have known readers who professed to find this poem obscure, chiefly, we think, because they regarded the sentence beginning "O she had not these ways" as a complaint, and did not realize it was a cry of praise. To us it seems a miracle of passion and portraiture. We know no better example of the nobleness of Mr. Yeats's verse and his incomparable music.

Mr. Forrest Reid has written an extremely suggestive and sympathetic "critical study" of Mr. Yeats's genius. One may differ from some of his estimates, and even question whether his quotations do complete justice to his author. One may doubt whether he has not exaggerated the "spiritual" element in Mr. Yeats's work. His book, none the less, is on its biographical side most interesting, and on its critical side original, studious, and intellectually inciting. It is one of the best of the series of "critical studies" to which it belongs.

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"A Salute from the Fleet, and Other Poems." By ALFRED NOYES. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

"It is the perfection of injustice," said Plato, "to seem just without really being so." On the same analogy we might say that it is the supreme achievement of the prosaic to seem poetic without really being so. It is from that point of view that we commiserate Mr. Noyes. A strictly just verdict of his work from any impartial critic would be that he is an entirely average derivative versifier with some rhetorical neatness and a trick of tunefulness. Tennyson is his obvious model—Tennyson, the unacknowledged legislator, rather than Tennyson, the great melodist and metrical expert. But the flow of numbers that distinguished his master—no! That is why writing verse must be so exhausting to Mr. Noyes. He will not let his talent alone. As we read on the cover of this volume, he will be "spirited and enkindling." He will not recognize that there is a place in modern verse for the amiable lullaby, just as there is a place in modern society for the charming, conversational triplet. But, no. Mr. Noyes

will have his doves like eagles, his lambs like lions, and his minnows like leviathans. He takes that spruce little talent of his—so like a *débutante* at her first ball—and he thrusts its little painted shoes into buskins, soils its dapper gloves with a tomahawk, and hides its little curls and love-locks and dimples in a ruffianly mask. That is what impels us to commiserate Mr. Noyes. With such ambition, with such energy, he wrestles to fit a camel through his needle's eye. If he cannot accomplish his end one way, he will try another. He fights an heroic battle against the forces of Nature, and when he has to break his needle's eye in order to let his fire-breathing camel-dragon through, he refuses, with unexampled boldness, to acknowledge it.

One of his methods, as everybody knows, is to sound the *réveil*. In this region, Mr. Noyes works like Briareus. His hundred hands tear up whole mountains, swing them at the firmament, and topple its placid stars out of their constellations. Take the title-poem, where the guns of the Fleet (all 15-inch) split the world with their deafening acclamations:—

"Ocean-mother of England, thine is the throne of her fame!
Breakers of many fleets, O thine the victorious word,
Thine the Sun and the Freedom, the God and the wind-swept sky,
Thine the thunder and thine the lightning, thine the doom!"

The guns of H.M.S. "Temeraire," on the other hand, are almost inarticulate with aspiration:—

"Hark, *Before the world?*—he questions a fleet in the dark!
Answer it, friend or foe! and, ringing from mast to mast,
Mother, hast thou forgotten what counter-cry went past,
Answering still as he questioned, *Before the world?* O, hark,
Ringing anear, *Before the world?* . . . was God! . . .
All's well!
Dying afar . . . *Before the world?* . . . All's well
. . . was God!"

But that is not the only way by which Mr. Noyes beleaguers the universe. There is the little unremembered thing that contains within it a world of meaning:—

"So little a thing
As the jingle and ring of the harness,
The hot creak of leather,
The peace of the plodding,
Should suddenly, stabbingly make it,
Dreadful to die."

There is the symbol, the epitome, of Mr. Noyes's volume. He is not content with the jingle and ring of the harness. He does not want you to say about his verses—"How nice!" which is what the plain man would say, but "how dreadfully it makes you want to die!" Like his "Salomon" in "Crimson Sails," he wants Tom Thumb to stick his head among the brave translunary things. A poet has compared the sunset to a poached egg; Mr. Noyes would have us believe that he can quite easily eat the sunset off his plate:—

"When Salomon sailed from Ophir,
With Olliphants and gold,
The kings went up, the kings went down,
Trying to match King Salomon's crown,
But Salomon sacked the sunset,
Wherever his black ships rolled.
He rolled it up like a crimson cloth,
And crammed it into his hold."

Chorus—"Salomon sacked the sunset!
Salomon sacked the sunset!
He rolled it up like a crimson cloth,
And crammed it into his hold."

Nor does Mr. Noyes confine himself to certain moods and phases of thought expedient to his transcendental purpose. A quick, metrical device is sometimes of advantage to him for suggesting the leonine effect. For instance:—

"Kiss her on the mouth, saying all the world is one now,
This is the secret of the music that the soul hears —
This."

And:—

"They had drunken of that glory, and their tale was told utterly,
Told."

And:—

"All the white petals for the thousand and second time
Fall."

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Blow past us on the wind."

We are quite sure that wind should here be pronounced wind. Occasionally, too, Mr. Noyes, by a bold use of material symbols, heightens these effects, by reversing their significance:—

"The raw potato that we sliced."

Now, by the use of these various excerpts we have followed Mr. Noyes in his buskined mood. We have observed him fitting talons to his doves, claws to his lambs, and Jonah-swallowing maws to his minnows. That is not Mr. Noyes in his natural state. We cannot, therefore, end this criticism more aptly than by quoting him as the *débutante* in her simple robe of white, without Wellingtons, without a tomahawk, and without a mask:—

"Island—little island—
Lost so many a year,
Mother of all, I leave behind,
— Draw me near!—
Mother of half the rolling world,
And O, so little and gray,
The first time I found you
Was when I turned away."

SOUTH INDIAN BRONZES.

"South Indian Bronzes." By O. C. GANGOLY. With an Introductory Note by J. G. WOODROFFE. (The Indian Society of Oriental Art, Calcutta. 21s. net.)

MR. GANGOLY'S book on South Indian bronzes comes at an opportune moment. Until a few years ago there was, in Europe, a very inadequate conception of the achievements of Indian art, and even when the works of Japanese, and later of Chinese, artists began to arouse our interest, no new light was thrown on Indian painting and sculpture.

When we understand how completely the spiritual and material conventions evolved by the Indian masters were adopted by the Chinese and Japanese Buddhist painters, this is all the more surprising. The intensely moving figure of Buddha, either seated in contemplation or standing solitary on the lotus flower, the hundred equally noble forms of the Bodhisattvas and their disciples, were all invented and perfected in India long before they reached China and Japan. Yet European scholars have regarded Indian sculpture as important only when for a time it was weakened locally in Northern India by Greek influences. It is of little use, however, to blame a past generation for its lack of perception. Only those things upon which we concentrate our whole energy can ever appear true to us, and an unquestioning acceptance of the Greek conventions prevented our fathers from seeing the nobility of Eastern fine art. It is only during the last half century that we ourselves have become aware of the excellence of early schools of painting and building. There is no reason to suppose that Watteau or Sir Joshua Reynolds or Blake was less sensitive to beauty than Ruskin or William Morris; yet they failed to detect the beauty that is now all apparent to us in Norman architecture or Byzantine mosaics. Our admirations are but superior modes and fashions, and are perhaps less important than we believe. It is by what we make, and not through what we admire, that our age will be judged finally, and we are inclined perhaps to set an exaggerated value on mere appreciation. So far as Indian art is concerned, our new-born interest is likely to take one form only, and that the least fruitful one—the collection by individuals and museum directors of old examples of painting and carving.

Mr. Gangoly has had the courage and good sense to place among the many ancient examples of South Indian sculpture more than one modern one, and if these are obviously inferior to the others they still show considerable skill and beauty. At least if we are now to search India for as many examples as possible of her genius in order to fill our own museums

and collections, we may make the *amende honorable* by doing all we can, officially and otherwise, to encourage the Maharajas and wealthy merchants, who now unhappily believe only European art to be worthy of their patronage, to take more trouble to encourage the work of their own countrymen. In his account of the *Silpasāstras*, which deal with the rules for the construction and the measurements of the various images, Mr. Gangoly refers more than once to certain families of Indian image makers, who still practise their art according to these ancient rules. Anyone who refers to the illustrations of their work in Mr. Gangoly's book may see how much vitality still remains in the old formulas, and may realize how deep were the roots from which they grew.

Of Mr. Gangoly's own ardent appreciation of the beauty and power of the art of his country he leaves us in no doubt. It is the dynamic quality he feels they interpret, which is perhaps the most remarkable feature of Indian bronze and stone figures. In no other art do we find movement expressed in so tense a form, a movement which has a deliberate yet reticent character perfectly fitted for the representation of eternity. It is remarkable that the same race of artists which evolved the formulas for the profound repose characteristic of Buddhist art, should later, under the inspiration of a fresh religious impulse, invent a perfect representation of active movement. Such a representation we do find in the figures symbolizing the dance of the universe, the *Natarājas*. Many of the South Indian bronze figures, under the influence of the Shaivite conception of life, seem also to express a vision midway between action and repose—to give, as it were, a sense of repose just stirring into movement, of energy relapsing into quiescence.

The grandeur and radiance of these figures, so many of which are admirably reproduced in Mr. Gangoly's book, make one realize what treasures still happily remain in the Indian temples. The beautiful use of jewellery, so striking in the earlier Buddhist statues, is continued with a like distinction in these later southern bronzes, and is peculiar to Indian art. We find it also all through the Ajanta frescoes, and a separate study might well be made by some Indian student of the Indian jewellers' art, still to-day a very perfect one, as shown in the works of painters and sculptors.

Mr. Gangoly's introduction is a modest and scholarly piece of work. He has to break much new ground, for there has been little research in the field of Indian art, and not much is known of the various schools and of the time at which they flourished. He throws valuable light on the significance of the different attitudes given to the bronzes, and claims with a convincing eloquence for the art of his country a place side by side with the great periods of European art.

"Apart from its spiritual appeal," he writes, "the examples of Indian bronzes we have been considering, in spite of their formalism, possess the universal elements which the artists and connoisseurs appreciate in the art of figure sculptures. For notwithstanding the differences in superficial aspects, due to a different racial impulse and a strange religious motive, they answer to the supreme tests of great art."

This is no exaggerated estimate, and if more of his countrymen had some of his insight and enthusiasm, Mr. Havell would not need to find fault with the British Government for neglecting the interests of Indian craftsmen.

PUSH OR GO.

"At the Door of the Gate." By FORREST REID. (Arnold. 6s.)

"The Elixir of Life." By ARTHUR RANSOME. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Netherleigh." By W. RILEY. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

"The Golden Scarecrow." By HUGH WALPOLE. (Cassell. 6s.)

"The Extra Day." By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"Gossamer." By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE spiritual chaos of our times, the tentative reaction from their grosser materialism, the inability of the orthodox religions either to square man's dealings with his fellows with his dealings with God, or to offer any imaginative exposition of his transcendental destiny, are bound to, and ought to, influence contemporary literature. With man

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destroying himself so thoroughly in the immediate world, it is natural for him to speculate as to what will happen to him in the next, and to discover potential indications of the hereafter in the signs and portents of the present. This preoccupation is already apparent in fiction, as we observed a short while ago in Mr. Marriott's new novel. And while it is the business of the critic to welcome such advances, he is bound to consider whether, from the artistic point of view, the novelist mechanically pushes his material into these regions, or, with a wise passivity, allows them to permeate the body and spirit of his work.

Mr. Forrest Reid is really the only one of this company who fulfils this canon. His hero, Richard Seawright, pursues his *fata morgana* out of a spontaneous impulse rather than an artificial obligation. Always predisposed to obstinate questionings, it is his mischance to encounter their denials in his human relations; his middle-class family environment throws him continually on the defensive, and his marriage with the feather-headed Rose finally upsets his equilibrium. Rose leaves him on the insinuations of his brother, Martin, his evil genius, and poisons herself. Richard accidentally kills Martin, and through this release from human ties becomes a wanderer with only a spiritual goal for his purpose. The story, strained as it is, is well conceived, and told with subtlety and power. If Richard himself is never quite convincing, his remote temperament throws into sharper relief the concrete actions and motives of his friends and relatives.

We should have expected rather better of Mr. Ransome than this flimsy, if graceful fantasy, "The Elixir of Life." The villain, Killigrew, having discovered the elixir, is enabled to prolong his life from the early sixteenth to the early eighteenth century. But in order to preserve the liquid in the phial of sufficient medical potency, he has to strew his career with a large number of corpses. As soon as he has killed a man, the liquid turns red and is effective as a tonic restorative of life. Unfortunately, his opportunities for murder become more and more limited, and so he inveigles Master Starborough, the hero, to his home, hoping that for the fee of immortality, he might establish him as his bravo, and so reap a vicarious reward. The rest of the story is concerned with Master Starborough's indignant refusal of the elixir, its theft by the exquisite Rose, the reputed daughter of Killigrew, their flight, and the crumbling to ashes and a little dust of Killigrew. This kind of novel belongs to the order of the moated grange. It depends exclusively for its effect upon the ingenious machinery of plot, and Mr. Ransome, though he has worked hard, has left many gaps for a too analytic critic to storm.

It is impossible to describe "Netherleigh." You have only to read a page or two to understand its species at once. How to communicate it? It is the kind of novel which does not so much put the cart before the horse as the sugar before the fruit. In terms of dyspepsia, the effect of quantities of sugar is supposed to be tempered, to be almost concealed, by the occasional acid of a damson or two. Any amount of sentiment, that is to say, splashed on to the page, with a semi-humorous air and a semi-paradoxical effect. The plot is of no account whatever. The hero is stricken with heart-disease. To occupy his time, he hunts with Nimrod, gallops with Achilles, assists Horatio at the bridge, and drinks the pearly wine of Cleopatra. This, however, is dangerous. The doctor advises him to take "doses of human nature." Enter love and Doris, with the doctor's discovery (no doubt he was tired of paradoxical platitudes) that the heart was not nearly so bad, after all. Decidedly, "Netherleigh" must be ranged on the "push" side.

Mr. Walpole's and Mr. Blackwood's books may, for general purposes, be taken together. They are both books about children, and the only radical difference between them is that Mr. Blackwood's Judy, Tim, and Maria have a series of continuous adventures, and that Mr. Walpole has an adventure per child or set of children. Otherwise their treatment and point of view are the same. They both, that is to say, fall between two stools, the adult and the infantile

stool. We cannot imagine either children or adults accepting Mr. Walpole on their own ground. He is too unconsciously sophisticated in his fancies for the children, and too deliberately, polemically ingenious for the adults. Perhaps the reason of this is that Mr. Walpole does not treat his children *qua* children; but as symbols—symbols of imaginative discovery for the discomfiture of adults. His children are not real; they are parables and allegories of reality. This blemish is even more pronounced with Mr. Blackwood. His Judy, Tim, and Maria would be very uncomfortable to live with him, not because they are wondering children, but really wondering young men and women, with short skirts and trousers. They wonder in a highly literary manner. They see visions and dream dreams with a remarkable sense of artifice. With such children we are disposed to take our stand with the prosaic and calculating Aunt, until she, too, catching the infection, and no longer concerned with such material things as children's colds and appetites, goes skipping and leaping like Pan in the woods!

All these books, in their different methods, seek a visionary world as a reaction against and criticism of the world of pedestrian fact. Not so Canon Hannay. This is the best of all possible worlds. Why? Because it is governed by the Gabriels of finance. Where would our butter, our tarts, and our pork sausages be if it were not for these altruists? The *dramatis personæ* of the story are an Irish baronet, a Nationalist M.P., and the idealist financier. The other two are simply foils to his self-sacrifice and public spirit. Faith, apparently, can not only remove mountains but believe in financiers. Well, we prefer the smaller and less high-minded world of "J. J." and "Spanish Gold."

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"My Years at the Austrian Court." By NELLIE RYAN. (Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

MISS RYAN's reminiscences of Austrian royal personages are straightforward and unpretentious. She has no conspiracies to reveal, no Machiavellian princes to unmask, and world politics do not occupy many of her pages. They are none the less interesting on that account, for Miss Ryan's position in the household of the Archduke Karl Stefan brought her into contact with some of the most highly-placed personages of the Austrian Court. She writes with cordiality about the Hapsburgs, and contrasts Francis Joseph to his great advantage with William II. She has also something to say of the late Empress Elizabeth, whose marriage with the Emperor was not, according to Miss Ryan's account, a happy one, largely through the intrigues of her mother-in-law, the Archduchess Sophia, "a truly unpleasant and most unscrupulous woman." The Archduke Karl Stefan, who has recently been mentioned as the possible King of a Germanized Poland, is described as a man of decided ability, with an overflow of energy which is impatient of the restraints of Court etiquette, and an admiration for England and things English. Miss Ryan's concluding chapters give her impressions of Petrograd, of holidays on the island of Lussin, near the Austrian Riviera, and of cruises in the Adriatic.

* * *

"News from 'Somewhere.'" By JAMES MILNE. (Chapman & Hall. 5s. net.)

MR. MILNE has written a series of pleasant impressions of the mood created by the war in different circles and localities. He shows us Scotland stirred to a martial spirit, yet free from excitement, braggings, or fears; London furbishing up her French to welcome the refugees who crowd her streets; peaceful Kentish villages brown with khaki; Hyde Park with its drilling soldiers and its rows of knitting women; the departure from Victoria Station of the afternoon "war-train" for France; Paris without her *cochers*, her noises, and her risks to life at every street crossing, yet possessing a fresh charm for those who love her. In such a book, tone and manner count for as much as subject, and Mr. Milne's tone and manner are delightful.



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He is grave yet not sad, and there is nothing harsh or bitter in his pages. For he seeks, above all, the qualities that do honor to human nature, and his descriptions are restrained and gentle, without any forcing of the note. They suggest more than they actually say, and Mr. Milne has been markedly successful in rendering the moods and emotions of ordinary people in whom this tremendous catastrophe has revealed unsuspected depths of fortitude and resolution.

* * *

"Denmark and the Danes." By WILLIAM J. HARVEY and CHRISTIAN REPPEN. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE authors of this book, one of whom is a Dane and the other an Englishman, give a detailed account of present-day conditions in Denmark, and especially of the legislative measures in regard to finance and the tenure of land that have helped to create prosperity. As far as farming and co-operative methods are concerned, Denmark is a model for the world, and the chapters describing how this state of things has been reached are full of instruction for Englishmen. The authors maintain that the key to the success of Danish farming, as well as of all Danish enterprises, is education. Denmark, in spite of its contracted area and naturally unfruitful soil, has become almost the greatest grower of farm produce that history has seen, owing, they believe, to three causes: (1) a favorable system of land tenure, (2) advanced and well-developed methods of co-operation, and (3) a close alliance between the theoretical scientist and the practical farmer. In no country in the world, the writers claim, is the co-operation of university and farm so complete, so loyal, or so free from prejudice as in Denmark. In addition to farming and agriculture, the writers deal with the other resources and industries of the country. Their statistics are full and up-to-date, and the book contains a comprehensive account of the recent social, economic, and political movements in Denmark.

The Week in the City.

THERE has been a good deal of discussion in the City as to whether money and discount rates should be naturally cheap or artificially dear. The case for natural cheapness is a strong one, as it would facilitate the financing of the war by means of Treasury Bills. But the traditional view, applicable in normal times, but hardly applicable now, seems to have prevailed, and artificial measures have been taken to restrict floating supplies, with the result that short loans have risen to 4 and three months' bills to 4½ per cent. The features of the Stock Market have been a good investment demand for the War Loan, which has risen, and some speculation in Mexican securities, or insecurities, which have been at rubbish prices. The idea is that a turn has come for the better, and that something like order is now likely to be restored in Mexico. An immense amount of good English money has been lost there in the last few years. The New York Exchange has been steadier lately, but yesterday it weakened again and caused uneasiness. The problem of financing the war is again engaging attention. Another big loan will have to be raised before long, for in view of

the new obligations and commitments in the Balkans, it is hardly possible to hope that the daily rate of expenditure has been reduced. One of the main points to be borne in mind is the urgent importance of maintaining the gold standard, and of preventing any depreciation of our paper currency. How this can be done, if the depletion of our factories continues, no one has yet been able to explain. But perhaps Mr. Montagu's remarkable speech is intended to prepare us for some sensational plan to enforce privation in all ranks of society.

THE RISE IN MEXICANS.

Cables received in London this week increase the probability that Washington and the Governments of South America will officially recognize Carranza as the head of the Mexican Government. On this news the rise in Mexican securities has continued. Since the beginning of the present month, which saw the earliest signs of recovery, Mexico City 5 per Cent. Bonds have gained 11 points, Mexican Railway 8 per cent. First Preference 11½ points, Mexican Railway 6 per cent. Second Preference 6½ points, Mexico North-Western 5 per Cent. First Mortgage Bonds 7 points. During the first year of European war, however, these four stocks had fallen 47, 43, 30, and 12 points respectively. Among industrials, Mexican Light and Power Bonds, Mexico Tramways Bonds, and Pachuca Light and Power Bonds have recorded substantial advances. The three latter are part of a group controlled from Toronto. Market hopes centre on the expectation of financial help for Mexico from New York. But investors must bear in mind three important considerations. First, the immense, and at present unascertainable, damage done to property during the past four years of strife; secondly, the utter exhaustion of the country and the need for fresh capital; thirdly, the complete demoralization of the sterling value of the Mexican dollar. At present, the lack of information of internal conditions in Mexico, or of knowledge about the capabilities of the Carranza Government are reasons for caution.

SAN PAULO RAILWAY.

The commercial depression in Brazil and the slump in the Exchange has hit the San Paulo Railway Company hard. The report for the half-year ended June 30th, just issued, shows a fall of £168,000 in gross receipts, but by drastic reductions in working expenses net revenue shows an increase of over £41,000 at £162,565, while the ratio of working expenses to gross receipts has fallen from 82.1 to 71.5 per cent. Income from investments for the half-year shows a decline of £10,863 at £25,726. The average rate of exchange has fallen from 15.988 pence in 1914 to 12.835 pence this year, and this, of course, exaggerates the fall in the sterling figures. A sum of £76,900 is appropriated for depreciation of investments, and as the amount brought forward from the last accounts was £53,300 lower, the balance available for dividend is nearly £100,000 lower at £346,276. A dividend of 10 per cent. is declared, as in the two previous years, leaving, after payment of the Preference dividend, a balance of £171,276 to be carried forward. The ordinary stock is at present quoted at 170, or 59½ points lower than on July 27th, 1914. At the present price the yield works out at £5 17s. 9d. per cent. The Preference stock gives a return of £5 14s. 3d. at the current quotation, while the yield on the three classes of Debenture stock varies from 5 to 5½ per cent. Business in the company's stocks has been very quiet for the last few weeks.

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